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SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891.

NOTICE.

The Title-page and Index for Volume II. may now be obtained gratis on application to the Publishers. Cases for Binding the volume are also ready, and may be had by order from all booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. GLADSTONE celebrated his eighty-first birthday on Monday, when from all parts of the United Kingdom he received ample testimony of the affection and respect in which he is held by the party of which he is the illustrious chief. With an almost incredible lack of decency, Unionist speakers and writers of every degree have for months past been openly speculating upon MR. GLADSTONE's age, and the possibility of his being taken from us before he could lead his followers to another decisive victory. Now, intoxicated by the hopes raised in their breasts by the treachery of MR. PARNELL, they exult openly in the thought that the Liberal leader is not likely to live to see the triumph of Home Rule. We have discussed elsewhere the absurd notion that Home Rule is dead; as for the question of MR. GLADSTONE's future in connection with that movement, we would remind his opponents that the science of political meteorology is not one of which they have hitherto shown themselves to be masters. They believe that they have secured a great advantage through an accident for which neither they nor MR. GLADSTONE can be held responsible. They forget that at any moment another accident may give MR. GLADSTONE far more than they think he has lost through MR. PARNELL's callous selfishness. But whether this be so or not, our opponents may rest assured of one fact: whenever the final struggle for Home Rule takes place, it will be the spirit of MR. GLADSTONE which will inspire those who are fighting for justice for a wronged and oppressed nationality, and his will be the name which, on the page of history, will for ever be associated with the triumph of a cause with the success of which are bound up both the honour and the best interests of the United Kingdom as a whole.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN met MR. PARNELL on Tuesday at Boulogne, and had a long conference with him. Its result is at present unknown. MR. O'BRIEN, who has, of course, been at a great distance from this country during the Kilkenny election, and who consequently has not seen how fatal to any chance of Liberal co-operation would be the retention by MR. PARNELL of the leadership of the Irish party, has been most anxious to bring about a pacific settlement of the great dispute in the Irish ranks. No one can blame him for being inspired by this wish. Irishmen have a right to decide for themselves, not only who shall be their leader, but what shall be their policy. But, on the other hand, MR. O'BRIEN would make a fatal mistake if he were to ignore the fact that it will be impossible to induce the Liberals of England and Scotland to vote for a Home Rule of which MR. PARNELL would be the chief representative and the moving spirit. The choice which has already been made by the great bulk of the Irish party, who have determined that they will not sacrifice their country to the selfishness

of MR. PARNELL, must now be made by MR. O'BRIEN. Like his colleagues he has to choose between his fallen leader and his country.

CAPTAIN O'SHEA, with a view to meeting the charge brought against him by MR. HEALY, has been publishing certain letters written to him by MR. CHAMBERLAIN and LORD STALBRIDGE. It is difficult to know what CAPTAIN O'SHEA's object really is. He cannot deny that his chief supporter both in Ireland and at Liverpool was MR. PARNELL, and we fail to perceive that it is of any service to him to show that MR. CHAMBERLAIN also was anxious to see him in Parliament. But as this gallant gentleman has begun to publish his private correspondence we would invite him to carry the process a little further. Let him produce the letters which passed between himself and MR. CHAMBERLAIN about the period of MR. PARNELL's release from Kilmainham, and of MR. FORSTER's resignation. We venture to think that if he takes this course he will provide some interesting reading for his Unionist friends, and especially for those of them who still believe that MR. CHAMBERLAIN is a man who can be trusted as a loyal colleague by his political associates. The self-righteous gentlemen who allow PROFESSOR TYNDALL's foul-mouthed ravings against MR. GLADSTONE to pass unrebuked would do well to turn their attention to some of their own associates, and they could hardly do better than begin by inducing CAPTAIN O'SHEA to publish a few more of the confidential letters, of which he seems to possess so inexhaustible a supply.

THE only political speech of importance has been an amusing one by MR. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham, in the course of which that gentleman spoke of MR. PARNELL's treachery as though it was something which reflected great credit upon the Unionist leaders, and above all upon the member for West Birmingham. The controversy on current questions, and especially on the question of Ireland, has, however, been carried on briskly in the columns of the newspapers. The *Times* on Tuesday contained a well-meant but unsatisfactory letter from MR. R. B. BRETT. This gentleman, we need hardly say, has no kind of authority to speak in the name of the Liberal party, and many of his sentiments, as expressed in his letter, are distinctly at variance with the views strongly held, not only by the bulk of that party, but by its recognised leaders. We think it right to state this, because there is a tendency on the part of Ministerialists to accept any confession of weakness on the part of Liberals as though it were inspired. Perhaps the most interesting series of letters have been those in which an appeal has been made to "the Nonconformist conscience"—whatever that may be—to pronounce against Home Rule.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, who died on Christmas Day at the age of 72, was a man of very considerable ability, though not exactly the kind of ability which suited either his post or the ecclesiastical temper of his time. His rapid advancement in the first half of his life raised expectations which his later career belied. The son of a shopkeeper in Whitehaven, he was head of his college at Oxford, and a leading figure in the University, one might almost say, in the Church of England, at thirty-six, and a bishop at forty-two. Had he died then, everyone would have supposed that a brilliant career was

being cut short. In point of fact, his reputation declined from the moment when he was raised to the archiepiscopal chair of York. His preaching was thoughtful and vigorous, but not sufficiently sympathetic and effusive for our generation. He did not really value his social position any more than many another ecclesiastic, but the want of a superficial geniality of manner brought this accusation upon him. It was his merit not to pretend to any fascination which did not naturally belong to him; his misfortune not to have been a prelate in an age which would have better appreciated (as Oxford appreciated in his earlier time) his solid good sense, his practical strength, his willingness to move on steadily, though slowly, in the path of reform.

A VERY bad appointment is that of Mr. A. S. MILLAR to be legal member of the Council of the Viceroy of India. It was bad enough when in 1886 a Bombay barrister of no eminence was appointed to fill a post which had not been too much for men so able as LORD HOBHOUSE, MR. STOKES, and MR. COURTENAY ILBERT. But Mr. SCOBLE had, at any rate, the merit of knowing India. Mr. MILLAR has nothing to recommend him except the fact that having been put into a good place by his relative, the late LORD CAIRNS, he has now become a sort of charge upon the Tory party. LORD SALISBURY is giving by this, as well as by some of his other Indian appointments, lamentable evidence of his indifference to the claims of our Eastern Empire to have the services of really capable men.

ONE of the events of the week has been the serious battle between the United States troops and a band of Indians on Sunday last at Porcupine Creek. The Indians, who were under the command of a chief called BIGFOOT, had been discovered by scouts, and were surrounded by a body of 500 troops. BIGFOOT declared his willingness to surrender with his men, 120 in number, and was called upon to lay down his arms. The troops in the meantime broke up in order to search the village. They had no sooner done so than the Indians, true to their belief that everything is fair in war, made a sudden attack upon them. The number of whites killed and wounded seems to have been considerable, probably between 50 and 100; the officer in command of the party, CAPTAIN WALLACE, being one of the first slain. On the other hand, the Indians were slaughtered without mercy by the soldiers so soon as they had recovered from their surprise, neither women nor children being spared in the general massacre, and, according to the newspaper reports, but few of the band remained alive. The news of the fight has greatly excited the 5,000 Indians encamped at the Pine Ridge Agency. Many of these have already left the Agency and taken the war-path, and there is every reason to fear that this untoward event will be followed by further serious troubles between the Government troops and the red men. Of the massacre of women and children we shall prefer to say nothing until we have full proof that it has actually taken place.

THE late year has passed away amid weather almost Arctic in its severity. Not for many years past has the Christmas season been attended by so low a temperature as that of the past week; and the sufferings of the poor in London and our other great cities has been intense. The keen frost and the Christmas holidays have combined to produce a temporary lull in the political excitement, which was so great during the month of December; and as most members of Parliament, and politicians generally, have been absent from London during the past week, political news has been scarce, and even the thousand tongues of rumour have been stilled. There is reason to believe that the project attributed to the Ministers a few weeks ago of bringing about an almost imme-

diately dissolution has been abandoned, if indeed it was ever seriously held. The general conviction now is that the dissolution, if it does not take place at Easter, will be deferred until the late autumn of the present year.

THE directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount. During the three or four last days of the year they did a large business in making loans at 6 per cent. In the outside market, too, there was a brisk demand for advances at from 5 to 5½ per cent., but the rate of discount in the open market tended downwards. At the beginning of the week it was nearly 4½ per cent., but since it has fallen to about 4 per cent. Billbrokers and discount houses expect money to be easy during the next few months, but the probability is that they will be disappointed. The position in the United States is very critical. At any moment there may be a return of stringency in the money market, and it is not at all unlikely that gold may be withdrawn from the Bank of England in large amounts. The German demand for the metal continues. During the week ended Wednesday night £150,000 were taken from the Bank of England for Berlin, and it is possible that there may be a large transfer of money from London to Paris in connection with the coming French funding loan. Other demands are sure to spring up. Over and above all this, distrust continues here. Two of the Argentine provinces have failed to pay the January interest upon their debts. All the other provinces, except Buenos Ayres, are likely also to default. There are fears entertained that the difficulties in the River Plate countries will cause numerous failures amongst European firms interested in industrial and commercial enterprise out there. All this may at any moment so intensify discredit that the Money Market may be disturbed. The price of silver fell at the beginning of the week to 47½d. per ounce, but has since risen to 48d. per ounce. Apparently speculators in the United States hope that another Silver Bill will be carried through Congress. Silver securities have improved with the rise in the metal.

THE Stock Markets were inactive but generally firm during the week. At the Stock Exchange settlement, which began on Saturday morning and ended on Tuesday evening, no difficulties were disclosed, and the supply of money was abundant. Borrowers were able to obtain all they required at about 5 per cent., and the carrying-over rates were easy, showing a further lessening of speculative accounts. In spite of the Scotch railway strike, home railway stocks generally improved, though not much. The international department was well supported, and although failures continue to be reported in the United States day after day, there is no considerable fall to be noted. The public here is holding aloof from the Market, and operators are less confident than they were a week or two ago, yet generally they seem to think that after so heavy a fall there will be a rise by-and-by. The chief movements of the week were in brewery shares. The President of the Dublin Stock Exchange had speculated largely in these, especially in Guinness's, Allsopp's, and Bristol securities. He absconded just before Christmas, and on Monday was declared a defaulter on the Dublin Stock Exchange. This led to a sharp fall in all the securities in which he was interested, but there has been a partial recovery since. At one time it was feared that his failure would involve several members of the London Stock Exchange in difficulties, but it is now said that his liabilities are much smaller than were at first reported, and that he is not a debtor to a very large amount to any London firm. Two of the Argentine provinces have made default, but the market has not been much affected.

MORE UNIONIST DELUSIONS.

IT is refreshing to see with what joy Mr. Chamberlain and his friends hail the fact that Mr. Parnell has been found to be as deficient in loyalty to his allies as the member for Birmingham himself. There is much in the speeches delivered on New Year's Eve at Birmingham which might tempt the hand of a hostile critic. Mr. Chamberlain has never been more audacious and seldom less effective. But he forgets that even persons with short memories remember enough of his career to make his assumption of a thorough knowledge of Mr. Parnell's character, throughout that gentleman's public career, more than a little ridiculous. It is Mr. Chamberlain's ignorant optimism, rather than his silly self-praise, that is of interest at this moment. Professor Tyndall, it is evident, is not the only supporter of the Government who believes that recent events have given the Unionists a weapon by means of which they can kill Home Rule. The delusion is rather a common one at present among those who believed a few months ago that in the courage and the strategy of Mr. Balfour lay their only hope. But Professor Tyndall is so typical an example of the Unionist at his best or worst, that his recent utterances on the subject may well command attention. The appeal which he addressed to the Nonconformists through the columns of the *Times* last Saturday was one of the most ingenuous documents ever penned by a would-be politician. It had occurred to the Professor that, after all, the Nonconformists of England could not all be so utterly depraved as the ministers who feed them upon "traitorous doctrines;" and accordingly he came to the conclusion that some words of counsel and admonition, from a person as eminent as himself, might be of service in inducing the less "depraved" section of the Dissenting world to reconsider their ways and to join hands with the upholders of the Balfourian régime. It was a gracious thought, and one is almost inclined to regret that it should have been marred by occasional lapses on the part of the learned Professor into those extravagances of speech for which he has already been compelled on one occasion to apologise, and which are certainly not calculated to injure the cause that is so obnoxious to him. It is needless, however, to trouble ourselves with the controversial eccentricities of a gentleman who believes that he possesses the right to slander and insult all those who happen to differ from him in opinion. The gravamen of his charge against the Nonconformists is that, whilst they have displayed unusual zeal for the maintenance of the seventh commandment, they feel a supreme indifference to breaches of morality in no degree less heinous than the particular offence against which they protest so loudly. The charge, if it were true, would deserve some even of Professor Tyndall's choice terms of opprobrium; but who amongst our opponents really believes in it? Who is there who supposes that any supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy—be he a Nonconformist or an Episcopalian—approves of the torture either of cattle or of men, of robbery, intimidation, moonlighting, or any other of the forms of crime which have from time immemorial been associated with Irish agitation? We challenge Professor Tyndall himself to say whether in his heart he really believes that there is an Englishman who approves of these things. That these crimes, odious and detestable in themselves and most mischievous in their political effects, have anything to do with the advocacy of Home Rule, is a fallacy which no one in the possession of his senses is likely to accept. Let the self-righteous herd who call upon English

Nonconformists to prove their hatred of these things by abandoning their most serious political convictions, bear one simple fact in mind. It is the fact written large in all recent Parliamentary returns, that the crimes of violence which have cursed Ireland in the past have diminished in the most marked manner since the Liberal party adopted the policy of Home Rule. Nor is there any doubt as to the cause of this diminution. Good men in Ireland—and even Professor Tyndall will admit that there are good men in Ireland outside Ulster—have long hated these crimes as much as they are hated by the most enlightened member of the Carlton Club. They were rife throughout Ireland just so long as the more cruel and less enlightened part of the population believed that in such acts of violence lay their only hope. During the dark days when no political party in England was willing to listen to the prayer of Ireland, moonlighting and kindred forms of crime were common; but no sooner had the Irish cause found powerful allies on this side of St. George's Channel, than these crimes dwindled down in a manner that has surprised the whole world outside the little circle in which men of the Tyndall type are content to dwell. When, therefore, the Professor is guilty of the impertinence of calling upon Nonconformist ministers to disavow their sympathy with cattle-maiming and similar outrages, those whom he assails can retort that by their action they have done more to put an end to such things than all the Unionist orators and all the Unionist scribes put together. If the case against Home Rule is to rest upon the argument in enforcing which a score of Pharisaic pens have been busy in the columns of the *Times* during the past week, the Unionist cause may as well be given up as lost.

But the Tyndalls of to-day have a new argument with which to confront the supporters of Home Rule. They profess to look upon the Kilkenny election as a great object lesson in Home Rule. "Look at these disgraceful scenes," cries Mr. Dicey for example, "and say in your hearts whether you think that the men who are guilty of such acts of violence are fit to govern themselves." In answer to the appeal we have looked to Kilkenny, and have looked in vain for a single incident which supports the plea of the Unionists. The election, it is true, was not conducted without a certain degree of turbulence; but it was infinitely less turbulent than a score of elections which took place in England no longer ago than 1885. Have the men who point in triumph to the few isolated acts of disorder which occurred during the great struggle in Kilkenny forgotten the story of Cardiff for example? Or have they ever read the history of any ordinary English election in the days before the ballot was introduced? To any impartial person it must seem that, considering the gravity of the question at issue, and the intensity of the feeling evoked on both sides, the Kilkenny election was conducted in a manner which was almost beyond reproach. But if, instead of dwelling upon the mere accidents and incidents of a contested election in an Irish constituency, we take the broader lessons of the conflict, we shall see that to the question propounded by Mr. Dicey and his friends the answer on the part of Home Rulers must be an unhesitating affirmative. For that election proved that there is in Ireland as much of moral courage, as much of loyalty to an English alliance, as we could hope to find in any portion of the Empire. Down to the day when the majority of the Kilkenny electors pronounced decidedly against Mr. Parnell, the parrot cry of every Unionist in England had been that the Irish people were mere tools and serfs in the hands

of an imperious leader who could move them as he pleased, and commit them to any desperate course he chose to adopt. From that stigma at least Kilkenny has saved them, and English Home Rulers now know that there is in Ireland a great body of men whom they can trust as thoroughly as they can trust any section of their own party; a body of men who are prepared to fulfil their pledges and carry out their patriotic ends, no matter at what sacrifice of their own personal feelings and dearly cherished traditions.

Home Rule is not dead; nor is it to-day any nearer death than it was six weeks ago. True, we have waverers and cowards in our own ranks. Such men are to be found unfortunately in every army in the world. True, we have suffered from the treason of a once-trusted leader, and from the discouragement which such treason has naturally spread both in Ireland and among the friends of Ireland in Great Britain. But the cause to which the Liberal party solemnly committed itself five years ago remains the same, and its claims upon our loyalty and attachment have been increased rather than diminished by the storm which, sweeping up from an unexpected quarter, has for a moment tried the nerves of all and confounded the wisdom even of the wise. The Liberal party of Great Britain, we feel assured, whatever may be the action of individual waverers, will not break faith with those who have trusted it, and will abate no jot or tittle of its determination to carry the great fight to which it is committed to a triumphant issue. Indeed, if it were otherwise, Liberals would themselves cease to be the masters of their own fate. For one great reality, at least, must ever remain unchanged, until his Irish question has been settled in the only satisfactory and permanent manner. If all England were now to desert the Home Rule cause, Irishmen at all events would still remain true to it, and the House of Commons would have to face, in a renewed and aggravated form, all the difficulties with which it has been endeavouring to cope during so many arduous years. We should have an Irish party in the House more numerous than ever, more resolutely bent than ever upon carrying their ends, even though in order to do so they had to put a stop to every other kind of Parliamentary business. Nor would this be all. If the English Liberals were to listen to the prayers of Professor Tyndall and his friends and to abandon Home Rule, those very crimes with which Professor Tyndall insolently seeks to associate them would break forth anew in Ireland; for the moderate men in that country would again be silenced, and the leadership in Irish agitation would once more pass into the hands of the violent and criminal classes. It is in the interests of England, no less than in those of Ireland, that English Liberals refuse to abandon the Home Rule cause, and scoff at the notion which has taken possession of the brains of some of their opponents, that recent events have given that cause its death-blow.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAY STRIKE.

PROBABLY the strike on the three great railways of Scotland will very soon be terminated by a virtual compromise. The men are returning to work, as they came out, by sections, and the immediate victory may be claimed by the companies; but aid is coming in from England, and considerable concessions to the men must speedily follow. That they have serious grievances, nobody denies—not even the *Scotsman*, though its comments have shown how nearly—on labour questions as on other matters—Unionism is allied to Ultra-Toryism. The

business men who have to walk to their offices, the families whose supplies have run short, the holiday visitors stranded on Christmas Eve at Carlisle or Berwick, or deprived of their New Year's outing altogether, are doubtless grumbling among themselves, but chiefly—so far as the public hears them—against the North British Railway, whose misdeeds last May are not yet forgotten. Though Glasgow is said to be against the strikers, Edinburgh, Perth, and other towns, have not only sympathised and urged arbitration, but begun to subscribe in their aid. It has been shown that the 12 hours now constituting a day's work are often prolonged on five or six successive days to 16, 20, or 22; and that as 144 hours must be worked in a fortnight before overtime is counted, these long spells need not imply extra pay. One driver has been on duty 174 hours in eleven days out of the fourteen; another has averaged 16 hours for five days out of six; another has worked on four successive days 16½, 19, 20½, 21½ hours—and ended with a collision; and other cases equally bad have been cited without contradiction. Part of this duty, no doubt, is simply waiting in sidings; but part is varied and intense exertion, strained attention, rapid judgment on all sorts of contingencies, severe and varied physical toil (especially in the case of goods guards), and abundant risk to life and limb. Periods of inactivity alternating with periods of strain must tend, near the close of a "day" of twenty hours, to dull the faculties rather than sharpen them for an emergency. Commercial travellers may subscribe for the "loyal men" who hinder the strikers, but the public is becoming conscious of its danger, and will sooner or later secure shorter hours for the men, despite the very inconvenient and expensive advertisement of their grievances that they have adopted.

Still, no doubt the men have put themselves partly in the wrong. Concerted action has been conspicuously absent, both in the earliest and latest stages of the strike. For at least eighteen months this crisis has been foreseen. Towards the end of 1889 a general strike on all the Scotch railways was projected, but did not obtain sufficient support. This year, though the men were generally disinclined to strike, and only some 42 per cent. were ready to come if called out by their executive, the Glasgow men, on December 21st, broke away from the main body, and decided to act for themselves. The companies knew that a strike was pending—it had been discussed publicly for a month or more—and might have made preparations, but they seem to have done nothing. The Glasgow men came out without giving due legal notice—some, it is said, so suddenly as to cause danger to the public—and were followed by their comrades at other places, including Edinburgh, Perth, and, for a time, Aberdeen. Civil and criminal proceedings are pending against some of them, and to all appearance quite justifiably. But the fact that some men broke their contracts does not prove that the whole body are without serious grounds of complaint. In another way, too, the men have blundered. We do not speak of the occasional rioting. It would have been a miracle had there been none, and the little there was is partly attributable to outsiders. But a great strike of this kind, involving vast public inconvenience, can only be kept up by public sympathy. The reading public is greedy for details as to the life of the labouring classes—in particular of that portion of them whose work involves hardship and danger. Yet hardly any details of the hours worked were published until after the strike had begun. That public sympathy is given at all now, shows that the facts are cogent. Apart from the success of the North-Eastern men this week, the

leaders have one proof in recent history that they are right in the main. In January, 1883, the Caledonian Railway men struck, chiefly for shorter hours. The company made substantial concessions, and now it has been much better served than either the Glasgow and South-Western or the North British. The latter, indeed, comes out worst all round. Its reply last week to the demand for shorter hours by an offer of increased wages is the sort of *ignoratio elenchi* that does not satisfy the men and irritates the spectator. Substantially, the men demand a ten hours' day for all grades; each day to stand alone; 25 per cent. extra for overtime, and 50 per cent. for Sunday duty; a more general eight hours' day for signalmen, and for certain men employed in large goods stations; more uniform employment, regular annual holidays, and the abolition of the "trip system," by which accidental detention does not count as time worked. Mainly, however, hours rather than wages are in question. And here—though, no doubt, the readjustment, involving heavy additional expense, will take some time—the public and the men agree. Both sides have hitherto refused arbitration, and the New Year Holidays, by suspending goods traffic, have considerably lightened the companies' task. But it is incredible that they can work such difficult gradients, for instance, as those between Carlisle and Edinburgh and Glasgow on all three lines without their regular employees, or that with untrained guards and shunters they can avoid serious and expensive accidents. They have announced that they are ready to treat with their own men, but not with "outsiders." That is nonsense. "Outsiders" are the only people who can get up the men's case thoroughly, and press it without fear of dismissal. The directors, we are told, think that concession now would mean giving up the management of their railways to outside "agitators" like Mr. Harford and Mr. Tait. They may be quite sure that if they give in, and if next time the "agitators" are unreasonable, both the men and the public will refuse them their support. Nine thousand men do not come out simply because "agitators" call. But, like some recent strikes at the London docks, this strike has occurred because the executive were not strong enough to stop it. The first step towards a peaceful settlement of labour disputes—as has long been known in those trades where there are Boards of Conciliation—is to get some responsible authority with whom the masters can negotiate, and these can hardly be found inside the companies' employment, certainly not if the departments are taken separately. The companies' plan would be far more likely, if it worked at all, to produce many little strikes—far worse for shareholders and public alike in the long run—than one large one, which, at least, is likely to be decisive. The men, we think, are assured ultimately of substantial though not of entire success. Meanwhile, before they again adopt this method, they had better learn to keep within the law, to secure public opinion, to act together, and having set up a strong executive, to take its advice.

THE PROSPECTS OF GREEK.

BY a narrow majority the Head Masters' Conference at Oxford last week decided to leave Greek at the Universities as it is—compulsory on all candidates for degrees in arts, which include science and everything but music. Since then a feeble controversy has been carried on, which even Professor Freeman's vigorous letter to the *Times* has failed to

galvanise into life. The fact is the arguments on both sides are pretty well worn threadbare, and the position is hardly what some of the defenders of Greek seem to suppose. Nobody proposes to drop the language altogether, nor even—at present—is it contemplated to exempt the passman. In an age which knows better than any age since the Renaissance, if not since the beginning of the Christian era, the true meaning of Greek culture, and especially of Greek politics, which has at last distinguished the Hellenic from the Hellenistic, and both from the Græco-Roman, and which studies Greek art and archæology not only with enthusiasm but with intelligence, the language and literature of ancient Greece are hardly likely to be dropped. "Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world that is not Greek in its origin;" and an age that recognises that truth is hardly likely to let Greek culture go. The passman may be a poor creature—though examiners in the Pass Final Schools at Oxford are frequently agreeably surprised to find what an intelligent being he is at his best—but his Greek probably does him as much good as anything else, and under the present arrangements (even were it optional on matriculation) he would not escape it altogether. But the student of mathematics or natural science is burdened with the requirement of Greek accidence and two Greek plays—which, with the aid of the late Mr. Bohn and a coach, he could get up in a couple of months if he liked, but for which—having other intellectual pursuits—he frequently has a special inaptitude and a peculiarly intense dislike. How lamentable the products—and the consequences to a promising man—sometimes are, nobody who knows either University will need to be reminded.

Still worse, perhaps, is the effect on the smaller schools. A country "first grade" school of 120 or 150 boys may perhaps send up three or four of them to the Universities in a year. That these may pass Smalls, at least forty or fifty boys are struggling with Greek, which most of them will never even translate with ease. Except the advantage of learning a new alphabet, what good do they get? Much Greek is an admirable thing, but is, let us say, Fifth-Form Greek of much educational value? The Greek noun, still more the Greek verb, presents a chaos of forms with as many exceptions as conformities to rule—and in the fog the exceptions loom the largest by far. Where the reasons for them are known—but they frequently are not—they are profoundly interesting to the trained philologist. But the schoolboy has not usually such interests, and they are not gratified if he has them. Greek syntax is worse still. There are not hard and fast rules, as there are in Latin and French, simply because the language of the great writers had never been subjected to the professional grammarian. Till a good deal of Greek is known, the faculty most exercised is the memory; and students who never can know much had surely best employ their memories on other things. Their Greek will not help them much afterwards even with scientific terms—which are not usually even formed correctly; and many of the difficulties are just as insoluble to the master as to the boy. Nobody yet knows how Socrates sounded his words; and our atrocious pronunciation obscures what is known of Greek phonetics. Yet there is no time to burden the average learner with the mysteries of accent and "new pronunciation"—even if the rudiments of the latter were settled. Meanwhile French and German languish. Yet apart from their practical value they lead to literary culture more easily than Greek does, though not better.

For all this waste of time there is a simple remedy.

which the case of lady students has necessitated, and proved to be effectual. Let the study of Greek begin late—say at sixteen or seventeen. The higher scholarship—especially the scholarship of the “mere scholar”—may not come, though the two lady senior classics seem to have acquired it, and one of them at least had certainly only learnt Greek for three or four years. But if there is any fitness for it, the literary culture which Greek opens up will come, as it seldom comes to the ordinary student. The preliminary difficulties are surmounted far more easily when such reasons for them as are discovered can be understood. The three years from sixteen to nineteen are worth more than as much, for the intelligent study of a language, as the six years beginning at thirteen. Meanwhile, more time will be left to the average student, both before he begins Greek and while he learns it, for subjects from which he may get more good—no small matter, with the increasing pressure of modern education. Moreover, by this arrangement, the student who is specially biased by nature against Greek—as many students of science are—will never come in sight of the language at all.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AS TITUS OATES.

MORE letters against General Booth and his scheme; more predictions that it is bound to fail, and that the resignation of Commissioner Smith is the beginning of the end; more invectives by Professor Huxley against the Salvation Army and all its works. Our present object is not to examine the latest charges or criticisms, or to inquire which is more worthy of respect, “corybantic Christianity” or sensational science, or whether General Booth dogmatising about crayfish would be more grotesque than Professor Huxley instructing us all about the merits of a scheme for ameliorating the lot of the poor of England. The question which we press, and to which no answer has yet been given, is, What is the explanation of the virulence and persistence of the attacks against “Darkest England”? A stranger hurriedly reading the letters published during the last fortnight, many of them with honoured names at the foot of them, would run a risk of supposing that some monster of iniquity had been hatching a plan for initiating in vice and plunging into deeper misery the helpless poor, and that Professor Huxley has come forward to denounce and expose the plot. We say “plot” deliberately; for as such it is evidently viewed by many angry or alarmed people. It is a plot to ensnare the good and charitable, a plot to withdraw money from existing charities, a plot to save people by irregular and unscientific modes; and Professor Huxley poses as the Titus Oates who possesses special if not exclusive means of information about this nefarious plot, and to whom the thanks of the community are due for revealing the iniquity of the plotters. Again we ask, What is the secret of this virulence? Philanthropists, to be sure, are not above jealousy. They do not like to be told that there are more effective instruments than their own, and that others may succeed where they have failed. But that is not a sufficient explanation of acrimonious opposition, ingenious, unflagging, and unwearied. Can there be in certain minds impatience and annoyance that trust should be put in the efficacy of spiritual agencies which they had supposed were exploded by modern science, and that they would be chagrined to see the triumph of those whom they despise? We all remember how M. Paul Bert and some of his ill-advised friends, when in power in France,

resented with impatience the idea that scholarship in any clerical schools could be excellent, and stopped at no sophistry in order to explain away plain facts. This mischievous intolerance endangered the safety of the French Republic, and was the origin of most of the reactionary enterprises against it. Can it be that we are witnessing, on a small scale, an outbreak of the same *odium anti-theologicum*? Hitherto philanthropy has descended from above; the people who were to help the poor came from the West End, and were educated, wealthy, intelligent. Can it be that we hear, in the controversy of the last month, the voice of impatience of the fine gentlemen and ladies who are told to stand aside and to give a fair trial to poor, ignorant, and nameless helpers? We leave these questions to be answered by those who have read the multitude of letters, in the *Times* and other journals, directed against General Booth's scheme. But of this we are certain—that a large number of people have so publicly and deeply committed themselves to predictions of failure that they will be superhumanly generous if they see with equanimity the contrary.

Of course it will partly fail. Nobody in his senses thinks the contrary. Professor Huxley, Dr. Plumptre, Mr. Loch, and other critics, have discovered real dangers; it did not require much acuteness to find them out. The point is not whether it is perfect, but whether it contains elements of hope and suggestions well worth trying. We will select as an example not features of the scheme much commented upon, but a minor proposal which happens to have escaped notice—partly, perhaps, because General Booth himself does not wholly realise its significance. He intends to start what he calls the Poor Man's Lawyer; and he mentions cases in which the Salvation Army has been able to help friendless victims of wrong. The instances given by him in “Darkest England” illustrate only a small part of the field of action open to such a scheme. The matter is of no concern to the very poor; but to a class above them it is of supreme consequence. Two or three offices open to all comers, with a staff of intelligent, respectable solicitors ready to give their services gratis, would save the poor from the maws of the public-house lawyer—the horse-leech that fastens upon some man with a wrong, real or imaginary, and never lets go his hold until he has sucked dry the miserable victim. One qualified to speak on this subject from the official position which he holds, writes:—

“Few things, I am persuaded, would do more for the deserving poor than this proposal, if wisely carried out. We should hear fewer instances than now of the workman who sues his master for damages under the Employers' Liability Act, recovers a verdict of £50, and finds himself at the end of the proceedings with a ten-pound note in his pocket, the rest having stuck to the palms of his solicitor; or of that still more common case, the foolish victim who is gulled into mortgaging his all to carry on some preposterous claim which can only end disastrously.” Is such a scheme to be abandoned because Professor Huxley is able to magnify a number of possible perils and chances of failure, and because he indulges in loose rhetorical talk about “despotic Socialism in all its forms, and more particularly in its Boothian disguise?” Alas! it is possible to talk twaddle in good, forcible English. “The best possible answer,” as General Booth himself says, to most of the criticisms, “will be the establishment of the shelters and workshops, the farm and the colony, and the number of the degraded and lost which by next Christmas we shall have raised from their present condition.”

BUSINESS IN 1891.

THE financial and commercial prospects of the year just opening are overclouded by the shock to credit given by the Baring collapse, and by the critical condition of so many foreign countries. When so great a house as Messrs. Baring Brothers has had to liquidate, people ask in what they can put trust. Besides, it is notorious that the losses by holders of Argentine and American securities have been ruinous, while the lock-up of capital is still inconvenient, and there is a good deal of uneasiness respecting trusts and industrial companies. It seems clear, therefore, that for a considerable time to come the Money Market must continue uncertain, and liable to apprehension. The Bank of England owes to the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Russia about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. There is likely to be a considerable transfer of money from London to Paris on account of the new French loan, and at any moment there may be a demand for gold for Germany and the United States; while nobody can foresee what may happen in the River Plate countries.

A fresh revolution in Buenos Ayres is by no means improbable, and quite as likely is a popular rising in Monte Video. But an uncertain Money Market, liable to sudden and violent fluctuations, is unfavourable to enterprise of every kind, for nobody knows whether he will be able at the critical moment to get the accommodation he may require, and therefore prudent people hesitate to commit themselves deeply. So far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, there is this further discouragement, that a rise would only offer an opportunity to those who are overloaded with unsaleable stocks to try and get rid of their lock-up. If by any accident a combination of great capitalists were to succeed in raising prices for any length of time, it is certain that the opportunity would be seized to throw stocks in immense quantities upon the market, and there would be inevitably then a sharp fall.

For the greater part of the year, then, we have to look forward to a disturbed Money Market, likely every now and then to become stringent, and we have to expect a decline rather than a recovery in Stock Exchange prices. For several years past too many new loans and companies have been brought out, and unfortunately very many of the borrowing Governments and promoting companies were quite undeserving of the credit given them by the investing public. In several cases this has been made plain, especially in the instance of the Argentine and the Uruguayan Governments. Some industrial companies, too, have been shown to be less sound than was supposed, and we fear that many unpleasant disclosures will be made respecting others in the near future. As regards new issues, they are not likely to be numerous for some time to come. The new French funding loan which is about to appear will of course be a great success. Probably if the Money Market becomes easy, and confidence revives, there will be a fresh conversion also both of Egyptian loans and of Russian. But new borrowings by Governments, and especially new creations of companies, are hardly likely to be looked upon with popular favour for a considerable time to come.

It is to be feared, too, that trade will be less profitable in the new year than during the past two or three years. The check to credit has already caused a distrust of bills drawn upon London in the United States and other foreign countries, and the distrust is natural. If, as is now proved, Messrs. Baring could not have met their acceptances with-

out assistance from the Bank of England, how can foreigners be certain that other London houses of lower standing are in better case? Furthermore, London merchant bankers have been restricting the accommodation they give their foreign customers. In such a time as the present, they have very prudently considered it best not to have too many acceptances in the market at the same time. Thus, partly owing to discredit, and partly to the caution of merchant bankers, foreign exporters have not the accommodation they have been in the habit of getting in London, and therefore they are not in a position to carry on their business as freely as heretofore. On the other hand, importers, for the same reason—because, that is, of the restriction of credit—have in many cases to pay in ready cash for the raw materials of manufactures, and this necessarily limits the purchasing power of the manufacturers, since they have to wait until the raw materials are made up and sold before they get back the money which they have to pay out. Were these the only reasons, it would be inevitable that there should be some falling-off in commercial transactions between this country and the rest of the world; but there are other and very powerful reasons for anticipating a decline. In the first place, the crisis in the River Plate countries has not only destroyed the credit of the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, as stated; it has to a large extent also destroyed the credit of traders and industrial companies.

A large part of the increased business this country has done during the past few years is due to the augmented demand of South America and South Africa for means to develop their resources. Both the Argentine Republic and Uruguay borrowed largely; so did the provinces and municipalities; so did railways and other industrial companies; and very large proportions of the money raised in all cases were laid out in this country in buying materials. It is safe to conclude that that business will for the next few years be greatly restricted, and in many instances entirely stopped. In the same way a large proportion of the capitals raised by South African land and mining companies was expended in this country in buying machinery and the like. The collapse of the land and mining speculation in South Africa at the beginning of the past year, and the banking crisis through which the country has since passed, have practically stopped new mining enterprises. It would be difficult indeed to float a South African company at present, and existing companies, in too many cases, have expended their capital, and are not in a position to continue former expenditure. Over and above all this, trade is likely to suffer somewhat from the McKinley tariff, and from the more prohibitive tariffs that many Continental countries are proposing. Tariffs probably do less harm than is popularly supposed, but yet they have a restrictive effect, and so far must lessen the amount of business which the protective countries do with the rest of the world.

But perhaps the most serious danger of all is the currency confusion in the United States. Our trade with the United States is far larger than with the River Plate countries and South Africa combined, and it admits of being indefinitely developed. Besides, great as are our investments in South Africa and South America, our investments in the United States are larger still. And whatever, therefore, adversely influences both the trade and the industrial enterprise of the United States, must react with great force upon ourselves. In the United States there is a large lock-up of capital in unsaleable securities, just as there is with ourselves—such as railway securities, trusts, brewery

shares, and the like. There are also commercial difficulties because of injudicious imports when it was known that the McKinley tariff would be passed. And the silver speculation has been carried dangerously far. After a while, however, all this would be righted if it stood alone. But unfortunately the American people have persuaded themselves that they want more currency. During the past twenty years about 145½ millions sterling have been added to the money actually in circulation in the United States, and even within the past ten years the addition has been as much as 95½ millions sterling. Yet in the year just ended, Congress passed an Act for the purchase of 4½ million ounces of silver every month, and the issue therefor of Treasury notes. And now the Silver party are clamouring for another Act still further to inflate the currency.

It is easy to foresee that if the demand is complied with, the consequences must be disastrous. Already it is clear that the capitalist classes are becoming alarmed, and there seems to be much evidence that they are hoarding gold. In September last, for instance, in spite of all the additions made to the currency, there was such a stringency in the Money Market that a crash was avoided only by extraordinary measures on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury, which transferred from the Treasury to the market in that one month about twelve and a half millions sterling. Yet the stringency returned in November, and lasted well into December, and all over the Union there were loud complaints that the banks had not means to accommodate their customers, and that merchants were made insolvent because they could not borrow or discount bills. The people may awaken to the folly of the policy on which they have embarked, and may adopt measures which will restore confidence and prevent disaster. If they do not, there is serious danger of depreciation of the currency, and of general discredit. Coming after our own crisis, and the crash in the River Plate countries, increased difficulties in the United States would very adversely affect trade.

AN INCIDENT AT YILDIZ KIOSK.

THE London correspondents of various provincial papers have recently given, in their London letters, more or less inaccurate reports of what passed at an interview which the Sultan of Turkey accorded to me in my recent visit to Constantinople. They have probably derived their information second or third hand from someone to whom I have described the incident; and in the process of transmission, what occurred has been so mixed with what did not, that it is impossible to correct the reports without giving the conversation in full. It may be worth while, then, if you can afford me the space, to tell the story of how the interview came about, and what was said by the Sultan. It is interesting as throwing light on the ways of the Palace, and the interest which the Sultan takes in public opinion in England.

When I had been a few days at Constantinople, it was suggested to me, by persons who had access to the Sultan, that I ought to apply for an audience. I declined to do so, on the ground that, having taken an active part in the agitation in England, on the subject of the Bulgarian atrocities, in 1877, it would not be right that I should thrust myself on the attention of the Sultan. I also wished to be free to say what I thought about the condition of Turkey on my return to England.

Later, I went with Mr. Frederic Harrison to see the ceremony of the Sultan going to mosque from Yildiz Kiosk. We were then introduced to the Sultan's chamberlain, and we also met Mr. Vambéry, the well-known Hungarian traveller. He told us that he was the guest of the Sultan at Constantinople, and often saw him, and should mention to him our presence at his capital.

We presumed that it was due to this that, on the following day, a message was brought to us by Admiral Woods Pasha, the English naval aide-de-camp of the Sultan, that his Majesty desired to see us at his Palace on the following morning at ten o'clock. We felt that we could not refuse such a command from the Sovereign of the country. The next day Woods Pasha came to our hotel in full uniform to convey us to Yildiz Kiosk; on our way he told us that the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Guarachino, had also been invited by the Sultan to be present at the interview.

At the Palace we were received by Chakir Pasha, the favourite aide-de-camp of the Sultan, lately Governor of Crete—the Pacifier of Crete, as the Turks call him—and by Wahan Effendi, an Armenian Under-Secretary of State. These gentlemen entertained us, including Mr. Guarachino and Woods Pasha, with coffee and cigarettes, and with a very long conversation on the subject of Armenia and Egypt. Wahan Effendi told us the story of the Armenian question, from the Turkish point of view, with great detail and eloquence, and endeavoured to elicit our opinions on the subject. Chakir Pasha then opened up the subject of Egypt in the same manner. Meanwhile frequent messages passed between Chakir Pasha and someone in another part of the Palace. After nearly an hour and a half of this conversation, we were asked whether we should like to see the Sultan's horse. Thinking this was a means of occupying time till the Sultan should be able to see us, we assented, and were shown over the stables by another aide-de-camp in uniform. This done, we returned to Chakir and Wahan, who again entertained us with much talk. At last, finding there was no apparent prospect of seeing the Sultan, we thought it time to bid farewell, and we left the Palace, without even a message from the Sultan regretting that he was unable to see us.

This want of courtesy caused a good deal of surprise to everyone who heard of the proceedings, and it was thought to be rather insulting that we should have been invited to the Palace simply for an interview with Chakir and Wahan, the former being an officer whose services to the Turkish Government may have been great, but who is not equally appreciated by those who sympathise with the Greeks. The next day Mr. Vambéry called on us, and expressed great surprise on hearing what had taken place. He was certain that the Sultan had personally invited us to the Palace. He regarded our treatment as an insult. He said that he was going to dine that night with the Sultan, and should tell him that he owed us an apology for what had been done.

The following day Mr. Vambéry turned up again; he said he had seen the Sultan, who desired him to express regret to us for what had taken place, adding that he did not know we were at the Palace, and that had he done so he certainly should have seen us. Later, I received an invitation through the chamberlain to dine with the Sultan the same night, and after so frank an apology I felt that I could not do otherwise than accept. Apparently there was some mistake about Mr. Harrison, as I was told by Chakir at the dinner that he also was expected.

The dinner was a very magnificent affair, served in the best French style, with excellent wines, in a very fine room without anything Eastern or Turkish about it. There were electric lights, and a great display of plate; an excellent band played during the dinner. There were forty guests, including the ambassador of Austria and other diplomats, and most of the Sultan's Ministers.

The foreign guests were introduced to the Sultan

before dinner, and he said a few words to each. When it came to my turn, he expressed regret that he had not seen me before, and said that he would speak to me at greater length after dinner. He spoke in Turkish, which was translated into French by his interpreter, but he is believed to understand French. The Sultan presided at the table, and partook of the dinner like his foreign guests, with the exception of wine.

After dinner we withdrew into a conservatory, where coffee and cigars were served. The Sultan then stood on a *daïs*, removed from the hearing of his guests. Presently I was invited to go on to the *daïs* for a private audience with him. The Sultan began the conversation in a sufficiently frank manner. He asked whether I was a member of the Liberal party in England. On my replying in the affirmative, he said that "he was afraid the Liberal party was very hostile to him, and did not support the Government of England in its policy to him." I replied that "I could assure his Majesty that the Liberal party was not hostile to him personally, but that they desired to see improvement in the condition of his people." The Sultan then said that "he could assure me he was doing all in his power to improve the condition of his people. He hoped this would be appreciated in England, and that it would be admitted he often had difficulties in his way." I said that "we in England fully recognised that he often had difficulties, but we still thought there might be improvement in the condition of many of his people."

A little more was said in this strain, but no more direct allusion was made to the Armenian question. The Sultan then turned to the question of Egypt. He said that "he had viewed with anxiety and regret the continued occupation of Egypt by the British troops." I replied that "on this subject I could only speak my own views, that I was not authorised to speak on behalf of those I was politically associated with, but that personally I was opposed to the occupation of Egypt by English troops, and did not believe it to be in the interest of England." The Sultan then said "he hoped the means might be found of conciliating the interests of the two countries so as to admit of the removal of the troops." After a few more sentences in the same sense, the Sultan concluded the interview by desiring me to give his salutations to Mr. Gladstone and his compliments to Sir Charles Dilke.

The other foreigners present were then invited to come on to the *daïs*, and we sat in chairs in a semi-circle fronting the Sultan, who addressed a few formal words to each of us, then shook hands with us and departed.

The Sultan is much below the average height, but seemed to be of a wiry frame and in good health. He has an intelligent but rather nervous expression, and his countenance is rather of the Armenian than of the Turkish type. His manners were most courteous and gentle, and put one at ease at once. The whole entertainment was in a style which could not have been surpassed at any European Court.

As no incident of the smallest kind takes place at Constantinople even, much less at Yildiz Kiosk, without the Sultan's cognisance, it is difficult to suppose that he was not aware of Mr. Harrison and myself being at his Palace, and of our interview with Chakir and Wahan. It seems more probable that Chakir Pasha was not satisfied with my answers to Wahan Effendi's explanations about Armenia, and sent a message to the Sultan that he had better not see me, but that Mr. Vambéry later persuaded him that he had made a mistake in treating us with a want of courtesy.

Whatever may have been the explanation of our interview with Chakir and Wahan, I have no reason to complain. It resulted in my seeing something of the ways of the Palace and of hearing the views of the Sultan himself in a fuller manner than I had any right to expect.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

December 22nd, 1890.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

THE year that has just closed has seen four serious gaps in the ranks of the English clergy. It opened with a vacancy in the princely See of Durham. It has closed with a vacancy in the Archiepiscopal See of York. Between the two dates the church which may be called the cathedral *par excellence* of the Anglican Communion, though not of the Primatial See, lost the greatest preacher, probably, in the long history of its chapter, and certainly one of the most distinguished of its deans. It is seldom that any Church has had to mourn the loss of four such men in so short a time and within so narrow an area. They were so unlike that it is impossible to compare them. In mastery of the literature of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic ages Lightfoot had no superior and hardly an equal. His monumental work on the Ignatian Epistles has practically settled a controversy that had exercised the ingenuity and exhausted the learning of scholars for centuries. Of Dr. Liddon and Dean Church we have already recorded our opinion. Archbishop Thomson was not the equal of any of the three in intellectual power, learning, or breadth of sympathy. Yet he was undoubtedly a man of great and varied powers. He took his place at once in the front rank of the episcopate, even when the episcopate contained such men as Wilberforce and Thirlwall and Tait and Fraser. He became Archbishop of York, moreover, under circumstances which were well calculated to test him. Public opinion pointed to Wilberforce as the man *par excellence* for the place, and Yorkshiremen expected the son of the statesman who had shed a lustre on their county to be sent to fill the vacant Primatial See. Great was their disappointment when they found that not only was the eloquent son of the eloquent friend of Pitt denied to them, but that a comparatively young and unknown man was nominated to the Archbishopric. The gentry of Yorkshire were then inclined to resent Dr. Thomson's translation as an affront. He was a man of no family, and was the youngest bishop, in years and in experience, on the Bench. The Dean of York at the time was a scion of one of the noble houses of Yorkshire, and he showed his feeling by asking Wilberforce, instead of the new Archbishop, to preach in the Minster on the first special occasion after Dr. Thomson's appointment. But the late Archbishop lived those prejudices down. He never, indeed, was popular with the county families of his Province; never won their affection and reverence as Dr. Lightfoot won in a much shorter time the confidence and love of all classes in his diocese. There was in Dr. Thomson an undefinable something which suggested, however erroneously, a character in which a considerable amount of worldliness had a place; and although that impression diminished as years passed by, it never vanished. In Convocation and in the House of Lords he also held his own with credit. An antagonism appeared at once between Wilberforce and himself. Wilberforce probably found it hard to conceal some feeling of disdain for his whilom chaplain and plebeian supplanter in the primatial chair of the Northern Province, and Thomson was not a man to pass over a slight. He felt his own power, and became the sturdiest opponent of Samuel of Oxford on critical occasions. Wilberforce's diary shows how deeply that great prelate felt the manner, even more than the matter, of the new Archbishop's opposition. In the House of Lords Dr. Thomson never occupied a position equal to his ability. He was a better speaker than Tait; yet, while Tait was one of the most weighty and influential speakers in the House, Thomson carried comparatively little weight. This was probably due to the prevalent, but certainly to a large extent erroneous, belief that Thomson was somewhat of a worldly prelate. In short, the late Archbishop just escaped being a great man. He had many of the attributes of greatness. He had great force of character; great,

though not commanding, intellectual power; an indomitable will; wide, though not deep, reading; rare capacity for work; good health, and a fine presence. Yet he never reached more than a secondary place in anything but official rank. He wrote an excellent manual on logic, but it had no originality or other merit than the praiseworthy one of lucidity and good arrangement. He was an excellent and a forcible preacher, but no orator; and he was a successful platform speaker, but could not rouse an audience or leave some thought or phrase lingering in the memory. He was a good administrator and an indefatigable worker, but has left no work behind him to perpetuate his name. He wrote well, but not strikingly, and his sermons and essays have made no mark on his generation. He belonged, in fact, to the rank, but the front rank, of mediocrity.

It is curious that, with so many promising qualities, Archbishop Thomson never attained to greater fame. His failure to do so we attribute chiefly to lack of sympathetic imagination, and the possession of too much self-consciousness. He gave a palmary instance of this in his speech on the second reading of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill in the House of Lords. Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury, both of whom supported the Bill, had declared that the Irish Church had failed to fulfil its original design of converting the Irish people. The Archbishop of York traversed that position altogether. An extract from his speech even now is instructive:—

"It was never designed as the Church of the majority. It was designed as a mark of the disapproval of the Crown and the rulers of the country of the Roman Catholic religion. It went along with most oppressive measures, and it was, if you like, the outset of those oppressive measures. But it was part of a whole system. You have altered that system, and I am very glad that those oppressive measures have been removed. But when you come to deal with this corporation, and say that it has not fulfilled its design, why, it is you who have changed the design. It was originally meant as part of a system by which we expressed our belief that the Roman Catholic religion was a foreign thing—a thing hostile to civil government, and a thing untrue. . . . But what has the Irish Church done? . . . The sin lies in the old system, of which this is the remnant."

That the author of "An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought" should have committed himself to so egregious a paralogism as this can only be accounted for by supposing that he was quite unable, when influenced by strong prejudices, to look at any subject from any other than his own narrow point of view. The very mission of a church, its *raison d'être*, is to convert the surrounding population. To surrender that position is to condemn the church. But Dr. Thomson maintained that the Irish Church was never intended to be a missionary church. It was, he argued, planted in Ireland by the English Government as a stigma upon the religion of the natives! It was an integral part of a bad oppressive system which, to the satisfaction of the Archbishop, had been abolished—all but the Church. But the Church itself had done no wrong; why disestablish it? And this from the author of a popular book on logic! Had Mr. Gladstone refused to recognise vested interests there would have been some reason in the Archbishop's argument. But, if our memory do not deceive us, Mr. Gladstone respected the life interest even of beaules, and made allowance for the reasonable expectations of curates. It was the same lack of sympathetic imagination that made Dr. Thomson so blind to the forces which underlay the Ritualistic movement. Some of the leading Ritualists treated him unwisely with scant courtesy, and he hardened his heart against them and could not look at any of the questions in dispute from their point of view. He joined Archbishop Tait in helping Mr. Disraeli to pass the abortive Public Worship Act—a bungling piece of legislation which that astute, but often purblind, statesman thought would be fatal to Mr. Gladstone's return to power. Tait saw afterwards how mistaken the policy had been, and did his best to undo it before he died. Dr. Thomson was to the last a supporter of the Public Worship Act, though he became more tolerant in the application of it. And

herein is shown a great difference in the temperaments of the two Primates. Both of them doubtless felt impatient with controversies which seemed to them to be concerned with trifles, to the detriment of fundamental truths; and both had been teachers of youths and had no parochial experience. But Tait learned that men were not to be ruled like boys, and that great questions often hinged—like the colour of a rose or flag, or the payment of a trivial tax for ship-money—on fundamental principles. Thomson, on the other hand, could not see the wood for the trees when his prejudices were excited. This self-consciousness and lack of sympathy caused an unhappy friction between himself and the late and present Deans of York. There were doubtless faults on both sides; but more obliviousness as to his own dignity would have enabled the Archbishop to overcome the petty differences which marred the relations between the Deanery and the Palace. This incapacity to lose himself in a cause led him to spoil the symmetry of the new See of Wakefield. Sheffield ought to belong to the diocese of Wakefield. But Sheffield was the centre of the Archbishop's popularity, and Dr. Thomson accordingly refused to give it up to the Bishop of Wakefield.

These were flaws in a character otherwise generous and not lacking in nobility. In all the relations of private and domestic life Archbishop Thomson deserved nothing but praise. Apart from polemical antagonism, he was kind-hearted and considerate, genial and pleasant in society, and a friend to be depended on. And there was no spitefulness in his polemics. He could combine private friendship with public antagonism, and he delighted in welcoming Bishop Wilberforce to Bishopsthorpe. No one, indeed, admired more than he did the brilliant conversational talents of that versatile prelate, and he used to relate with glee one of Wilberforce's playful *mots*. When more than twenty bishops happened to be assembled on one occasion at luncheon at Bishopsthorpe during Palmerston's premiership, one of them observed that the ceiling of the dining-room looked as if it might fall upon them. Wilberforce looked up and said, gravely, "What a haul for Pam!"

If Lord Salisbury fill the vacant see from the northern province, his choice is limited. The Bishop of Durham would probably not care to change; Carlisle is too old; Wakefield is intellectually below the traditions of the archdiocese; and of the two remaining possibilities, we believe that the Bishop of Chester would rise to the position more readily than the Bishop of Manchester. He is comparatively young; but that is a merit, if there be no other defect. The Bishop of Peterborough's commanding abilities entitle him to promotion, but his enfeebled health is probably an insuperable barrier. Whether Lord Salisbury thinks, with Lord Melbourne, that "the bishops die to spite him," we know not; but certainly he is in a fair way to rival Lord Palmerston in the quantity of his ecclesiastical appointments. It is but bare justice to him, however, to admit that his appointments have been, on the whole, fair and satisfactory.

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS.

CERTAIN people, for reasons it would be hard to divine, appear to have expected from the memoirs of Talleyrand the same degree of frankness as is displayed by those of Rousseau or even Benvenuto Cellini. To be sure, the very existence of these memoirs was almost forgotten. Talleyrand himself forbade their publication till thirty years after his death; his literary executors, with a delicacy as nearly morbid as delicacy can be, postponed it for yet another two-and-twenty years; and the venom of no dead man's words will last that time and retain its power. But a few months ago, when M. de Blowitz made his pompous and (to tell the truth) slightly foolish

revelation in the *Times*, people began, as the saying is, to "sit up" a bit. It was argued at dinner-tables that though there was obviously less than nothing in the Blowitz's "discoveries,"—though, in fact, among all the extracts professedly filched by that gorgeous creature and divulged for the good of men, there was nothing which for sheer interest came up to the level of "The horse is a noble animal,"—yet there must really be some grounds for the elaborate secrecy with which these Memoirs were treated. "Depend upon it," said the wise, "we shall hear the truth at last about Mirabeau's death, and the Duc d'Enghien's murder; depend upon it we shall find some big reputations compromised. How else can one account for this mysterious procrastination?" To answer this was not easy. Nevertheless, Sainte-Beuve had said that "people of Talleyrand's genius never put the worst of their thoughts or their lives on paper," and Sainte-Beuve, as Lord Salisbury would say, is a man to put one's money on. As it happens, he was right and the quid-nuncs wrong, as far as may be gathered from the first instalment of extracts from the *Mémoires* which Mr. Whitelaw Reid has published in the January number of the *Century Magazine*. For, although the extracts scarcely keep down to the level of M. de Blowitz's "discoveries" (for Talleyrand, after all, was but an amateur in platitudes, using it as occasion served and not for his daily bread), they are, as a whole, peculiarly dull. As for the delay in their publication, it may be said at once that all Mr. Reid's extracts might have been given to the world on the very day that Victor Hugo saw Talleyrand's heart tossed into the gutter, without upsetting a single breakfast-table. We are not surprised. It is seldom that the men who have swayed empires tell dangerous secrets when the day is over. Mr. Reid says that no Minister since Talleyrand can be said to have exerted as much real influence on affairs, "with the exceptions only of Bismarck and Cavour." Well, Bismarck has but lately retired into private life, and his warmest admirers can hardly laud the discretion of his utterances during the three months that followed his retirement. Yet what, after all, has he told, this man who seemed foaming at the mouth? Why, the posthumous candour of an Oxford recluse like Mark Pattison will probably cause more pain than all Prince Bismarck's indiscretions put together. As for the durability of that pain, it will hardly be contended that a European is as long as an Oxford memory. And Talleyrand has been dead fifty-two years.

The Memoirs, then, will hurt neither the feelings nor the reputation of any man living. Therefore they will fall flat. Nor do they reveal the grace of manner and diction we are accustomed to associate with Talleyrand. The lack may be due, in a measure, to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's translation, and yet it is hard to see what opportunities he has missed. Here and there we find a neat saying, such as "Philanthropic ideas rush to the mind when one is an outlaw"; more often we hear a note of wise reflection struck, as when Talleyrand criticises the Protectionist attitude of the young American Republic, and thus advocates Free Trade:—"Europe is acquainted with and cultivates all branches of art, and excels in the manufacture of all articles of luxury, as in everything that tends to make life more pleasant and agreeable. The New World possesses a kind of wealth peculiar to it: its crops will always surpass in quantity those of any rival nation. Might not, therefore, the distribution of those two modes of applying men's abilities serve, at least for a considerable time to come, as the measure and basis of the relations that must necessarily spring up between nations, some of which daily require to buy, at a moderate cost, the most usual necessities of life, whilst others are anxious to acquire all that tends to make life more pleasant and sweet? Might not that natural balance furnish a vast ground for in-

telligent exchange, which, being ruled by international conventions, would constitute the commercial intercourse of the different Powers?" This question is as cogent to-day as when Talleyrand put it. It may, of course, be urged that economists had put it before; but Talleyrand was a statesman, and statesmen, as a rule, walk so far in the rear of speculative thought, that we cannot help thinking it does him much credit. Moreover, this wide-eyed interest in economic problems is about the last feature in the popular conception of Talleyrand.

It seems, indeed, that we shall have to modify this conception a good deal as the Memoirs go on. We shall be disappointed: that much may be conceded to human nature. We have learnt to think of the wit, the unblushing liar, the profligate priest who won advancement by an unsavoury joke and money by skill at cards. We wanted to know if he really killed Mirabeau or no, if he really did the Duc d'Enghien to death, if he really plotted Napoleon's murder, if he really sucked up bribes like a sponge. It was short-sighted to expect these revelations. For Talleyrand was not Rousseau; and if he had been, he would have told us all about himself during his lifetime. The kind of man who publishes his infamy is the kind of man who does so from the morbid desire of witnessing the commotion he causes. Now Talleyrand may have been a blackguard: but at least he was a sane blackguard. He leaves others to commemorate his vices as well as his witticisms. "His relation to the murder of the Duke d'Enghien," says Mr. Reid, "and his treachery at one period or another of his service to almost every master he ever served, are all likely to appear in a new and more favourable aspect . . . and there is no sign that he will make the slightest reference to his constant acceptance of bribes." On the whole we may applaud this reticence; for on the whole we have heard quite enough abuse of Talleyrand from other people, and it is likely, on the face of it, that a man who played a leading part in French politics from the reign of Louis XVI. to that of Louis Philippe; who was President of the Constituent Assembly which gave the path to the Revolution; who was Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the restored Bourbons, should have something to say for himself. And although he speaks as a special pleader, he can point for corroboration to the fact that France emerged from the ruin of those times a leading nation still, and that she emerged under his guidance. Here at least we have a hard fact; and Talleyrand's own estimate of his work will have the more plausibility, because the traditional estimate fails altogether to account for that fact. "I have been called a villain," his Memoirs seem to say; "*soit*: that is a detail. The point is that I saved my country."

HYPNOTISM IN COURT.

THE defence of Hypnotism put forward in the recent Paris murder trial exposed the law to a double danger. There were two ways in which the jury might have been brought to believe in Gabrielle Bompard's story. One was by putting her into a state of hypnotic somnambulism, real or simulated (and probably a mixture of both), in open court. That, of course, would prove no part of her audacious story. But, to the astonished eyes of a jury, it might seem to prove a great deal, and the verdict might have gone with a rush the wrong way. But there was another risk. Suppose that the court had refused to receive any evidence about hypnotism at all, instead of patiently devoting a day to its relation to the present case. Such a course would have put into the hands of the defence a most formidable weapon. For the reading world of Paris have for years been familiar with a considerable mass of scientific fact on this subject, fact common

to the schools of Paris and of Nancy, though each explains it in a different way. The attempt to exclude in a mass what has been ascertained along with what is wholly conjectural would probably have been the most perilous course of all.

And as this, of the two, is the peril which would certainly beset an English court of justice, it is well to look at it first. The fact that the Bompard counsel put their defence into the hands of the Nancy medical men, at once set the Paris school against them, and gave rise to an impression that the latter do not hold, like the former, that crime may be hypnotically suggested or determined. But the Paris men have been at least as clear on this point as the others. The English book representing their views—i.e., the views of the Salpêtrière and Dr. Charcot—is the twentieth volume of the "International Scientific Series," by MM. Binet and Féré. This volume, translated under the title of "Animal Magnetism," has passed into a second edition, and in the chapter on Responsibility the learned authors say: "It is possible to suggest to a subject in a state of somnambulism fixed ideas, irresistible impulses, which he will obey on awaking with mathematical precision. . . . At the Salpêtrière a paper-knife has often been placed in the hands of an hypnotic subject, who is told that it is a dagger, with which she is ordered to murder one of the persons present. On awaking, the patient hovers round her victim, and suddenly strikes him with such violence that I think it well to refrain from such experiments." It is added that the possibility of a hypnotic subject becoming the instrument of a crime is made more terrible by two circumstances: that "immediately after the act is accomplished, all may be forgotten—the crime, the impulse, and its instigator," while, "at the will of the experimenter, the act may be accomplished several hours, and even several days, after the date of suggestion." And the illustrations of this, all taken from M. Charcot's institution, show what the distinguished teacher's assistants found on actual experiment. It is not necessary, they say, even to specify the method of the crime. A suggestion to a subject, to poison X. with a glass of pure water, "did not indicate in what way the crime was to be committed. Yet the subject offered the glass to X., and invited him to drink by saying, 'Is it not a hot day?'" Nor does the suggestion instantaneously destroy all mental resistance. Suggestions of murder, in particular, provoke objections. "If Z. is armed with a paper-knife and ordered to kill X., she says, 'Why should I do it? he has done me no harm.' But if the experimenter insists, this slight scruple may be overcome, and she soon says, 'If it must be done, I will do it.' On awaking, she regards X. with a perfidious smile, looks about her, and suddenly strikes him with the supposed dagger." Sometimes, accordingly, the reasons for the crime have to be sought for after it is done. One Paris patient "rushed towards B., and struck him in the region of the heart. M. B. feigned to fall down. I then asked the subject why she had killed this man. She looked at him fixedly for a moment, and then replied, with an expression of ferocity, 'He is an old villain, and wished to insult me.'" These illustrations, with the general conclusion founded upon them at the Salpêtrière, were communicated to the European public more than four years ago, and it is plain that they go almost as far, in reference to the cases described, as the suggestions of Dr. Liégeois, of Nancy. Indeed, of the two, the Paris theory is in some respects more extreme than that of the old provincial capital. The former holds that the relation between mesmeriser and mesmerised is one of "magnetism"—a certain physical influence or vital force; while the Nancy school, with Dr. Bernheim at their head, treat the whole thing as an affair of the imagination; and, while admitting that crime may be induced, they contend that it is by no physical influence, but by *suggestion*, which in the morbid fancy becomes hallucination. There is an apparent moderation about this latter view which

has always led Englishmen to favour it—all the more, perhaps, because it reflects the idea of Mr. Braid, the Manchester surgeon, to whom Europe owes hypnotism, alike the name and the thing. But similar reasons, as Dr. Moll, of Berlin, informs us, have for some years influenced in the same direction the scientific men of every country of Europe; and at the great congress held on the subject in Paris in 1889, the views of Paris were not by any means those generally accepted. Charcot's pupils, besides, are all patients, and patients of one sex and kind—women "afflicted with epileptic hysteria," and it is difficult to carve solid results out of such rotten wood. The result of this was a very brisk rivalry between the two French schools, and a strong probability that whenever either of them should come prominently before the public the other would be found in jealous hostility to it.

It has been so in the Bompard trial, and the divided medical feeling has had something to do with the legal result. The full but popular accounts sent to the London papers do not show how Dr. Liégeois came to be called in for the defence. It may have been merely some connection with the learned counsel in the cause. But there may have been another reason. The Salpêtrière, as we have seen, hypnotises only a certain class of patients; and the interesting defendant in this case, who seems to have combined in herself every other form of depravity, is not stated to have been epileptic. The Nancy school, on the other hand, goes in for therapeutics, rather than nosology; and it lays stress on the fact that a large number of people in perfect health may be hypnotised at any time. But in this leaning, which medical men have always held to be rather a point in its favour, there might be an opportunity for Gabrielle Bompard's extremity. Why not pretend that she had been thus influenced by Eyraud at the time of the murder? Why not go farther, and suggest that her surrender in America, and her admissions since, were similarly procured? Accordingly, notice was given of a hypnotic defence. Dr. Bernheim, the chief medical authority at Nancy, had broken a limb, and could not come; but Dr. Liégeois, the jurist of the party, was put into the box to testify that such things *could* take place. Of course, the true answer was that, assuming such things to be sometimes possible, there was not the smallest ground to conclude that they had in this case really happened. There was nothing to indicate that the will of the female villain in this story either needed or received any control from that of her male confederate. There was just as much reason to conclude that she had hypnotised him as that he had hypnotised her. In these circumstances the French bench seems, on the whole, to have behaved with dignity and skill. The Procureur-Général, indeed, was unable in addressing a Paris jury to refrain from setting the Paris school against the Nancy one; and he minimised the results attained by the former when he put it as if their theory refused to allow *post-hypnotism*, i.e., an influence subsisting even after the subject has awaked from the hypnotic sleep. But the Court gave up a whole day to the matter, and all Paris crowded to the *Conférence Hypnotique*. It appeared that the prison doctor had actually hypnotised Gabrielle, but he declined to state the results. Then her counsel demanded that she should be hypnotised in open court, on the chance that this might prove a "memory-bridge" (*Erinnerungsbrücke*) to the previous state in which she was alleged to have committed the crime. The President apparently did not deny that there might be cases in which even such a demand would be reasonable. But he pointed out that there was no foundation for it in the present. Not only was there no ground for supposing that the female prisoner had been hypnotised when going about the crime, but she herself had denied it. To allow her now to pose as a somnambulist would be to give her a new foothold for falsehood. There is a moral in this case for bodies,

like the Committee of the British Medical Association, now investigating hypnotism. Their ascertainment of facts must precede the legal application of them. The latter is bound to be slow—were it for no other reason than that the plea of hypnotism will be first brought forward in our Courts, not in the cases where it may be legitimate and plausible, but in those in which a hopeless criminal interposes a final shadow of defence.

OUR VILLAGE BOOK CLUB.

NEVER have there been more than nine members in our book club at a time, and at present there are only six. This is less because the village is small than on account of our unwritten rule against trade. The grocer's two sisters would give their ears to join, and so would the draper's wife, but if they were admitted we should no longer be select. The chemist, it is true, is one of us, but he is semi-scientific, and a bachelor; and we have also passed (after four meetings of committee) young Mr. Turnbull, who, though himself a lawyer, is son of the old wright and undertaker. However, young Mr. Turnbull, to do him justice, is ashamed of his relations, and dodges up back streets when he sees his father coming. I need not say that we always *Mister* each other, except in letters, when we begin, "Dear sir." The club has no rooms, but it has a motto, of which we are all proud. The motto is, "Culture: the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world." The author of this is Mr. Matthew Arnold, and it was found originally by the chemist on the back of a prescription.

Each of us buys a pound's worth of books in the beginning of January, and by the 31st December we have read them all. They are passed from member to member, as the common people of the village are said (but we know little about them) to lend a cradle when required. At the end of the year each member becomes exclusive owner of his own books, or her own books; for the exciting thing about the club is that it is composed of both sexes. A member may buy one book at a pound or several books for a pound, or two members may combine for a two-pound book, and decide the ultimate ownership between themselves. These arrangements have led to some tremendous scandals, of which perhaps the worst was the discovery in January of 1887 that the parson had never contributed more than eighteen shillings' worth in a year. Several times he pretended that he had gone beyond the pound in order to get a desirable book, but Mr. Frobisher, the banker, who buys a magazine called the *Athenæum* once every year (namely, when he takes his trip to London), learned therefrom that the parson must have falsified his prices. With the help of a magnifying glass we saw that where, say, "7s." was marked on the parson's books, he had at least added "6d.," and at worst changed the 7 into 10. A letter, beginning "Reverend sir," was sent him on the subject, and an acrimonious meeting was held thereafter, at which he charged young Mr. Turnbull with buying books from Mudie's at half-price, and the Misses Timbs with only reading the novels. The affair was hushed up, on the understanding that in future everybody should keep a sharper eye than ever on his fellow-members.

All the books, I have said, are bought in January, and thus the club is perhaps a little behind the reading public of London. For instance, one of the 1891 books is to be "In Darkest Africa," of which we have as yet only read in newspapers. It is by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the celebrated explorer, and contains a full account of his travels in search of Emin Pasha. Mr. Frobisher and the chemist are to give this work between them, rather to the annoyance of the other members, for undoubtedly "In Darkest

Africa" will be the great work of 1891, and there is always rivalry among us as to which should secure "the book of the season." The new book I am to buy is the "Life of W. E. Forster, M.P.," and the Misses Timbs are down for novels by Annie S. Swan. Young Mr. Turnbull has heard of a book called "Rudyard Kipling," by Q, but it is in paper covers, and if he buys it he must bind it in cloth before putting it into the hands of the club. Paper-covered and pasteboard-covered books are not eligible, as they have an immoral tendency. Dr. Littlejohn has not yet handed in his list of books. He has written, however, as usual to "Aunt Christina," who answers correspondents in the *Parent's Help*, and she will tell him, doubtless, what to buy.

The present, of course, is an anxious time for us for though, as an aid to selection, we read the newspaper reviews, we cannot depend absolutely on them. Young Mr. Turnbull once risked buying a work called "The Egoist" (which he is suspected of having got cheap) on the recommendation of a respectable journal; and of all the books. . . .! That was the way we spoke of it, for not one of us could discover what it was about. Poor Mr. Turnbull, who sat up three nights with it, exchanged it and one-and-sixpence for Miss Swan's new work; but the parson took him to task severely for the bargain, the other party to it being a poor though honest person who soon afterwards committed suicide. Another dreadful novel was one called "A Pair of Blue Eyes," by, I think, Mr. Thomas Besant, in which the heroine, after having allowed one man to kiss her repeatedly, allows herself to become engaged to another. This also was introduced into the club by young Mr. Turnbull, and nearly led to the resignation of the Misses Timbs. It is credited by some that young Mr. Turnbull still has this book in his possession, and that he keeps it in a drawer, except when borrowed by the brothers McCallummore, who take it home in the leg of their trousers, or by Miss Jay, a frightfully fast girl, who carries it about openly. The novelist who, on the whole, gives us most satisfaction is Miss Annie S. Swan, whom the Misses Timbs consider very like George Eliot. Some of the male members of the club do not care so much for Miss Swan's stories, but they know that she is the most distinguished novelist of the day, and that to speak slightly of her would be a reflection on their own literary taste. Another popular novelist with us is Miss Edna Lyall, whom both Mr. Frobisher and the chemist consider helpful. The Misses Timbs, however, while admitting the power of this lady's books, think she is too advanced, while the parson cannot read them without being agitated violently, and it is well known that they changed the religious views of John James Paterson, an excellent young man of weak intellect.

The question of oaths in books is a yearly trouble; indeed, what is to be made of a certain word beginning with *d* and ending with *n*, has been more discussed among us than any other topic. Young Mr. Turnbull, who would never have got into the club had he asserted himself as audaciously in his pre-membership days as now, maintains that this word is justifiable in certain cases. How to print it, however, is the chief difficulty. Young Mr. Turnbull, who is without a supporter in this matter, says, perhaps merely from a malicious desire to frighten the ladies, that it should be spelt, as pronounced, DAMN. A middle course is favoured by the chemist, who has been courting the second Miss Timbs since 1876. He holds that we should taboo books which print that word in all its naked horror, but make allowance for authors who veil it thus: "d—n." The parson is naturally more particular. He has corresponded on the subject with the editors of all the magazines, and insists that the only Christian way of spelling damn is "—." In this way, he is confident, ladies may encounter the word without trembling; indeed, the Misses Timbs have told him this is so, and that when they find the word thus spelled, they read "Oh, stroke it," or "You be stroked!"

THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

ANY loyal citizen who visits the New Gallery with the idea that he will find copious materials for a lively though strictly deferential interest in the personal history of the House of Hanover is likely to suffer some disappointment. It is even possible that he will not feel very grateful to the compilers of the catalogue, who have rescued from the mists of antiquity the unedifying anecdote to which the Guelphs owed their name. Probably few people know the origin of Guelph, and that member of a family party who carries the catalogue at the New Gallery may think himself a little ill-used when he reads aloud the "strange physiological theory" for which Irmentrude of Suabia was punished "by having twelve children at a birth." Eleven of these remarkable youngsters narrowly escaped drowning at the hands of their nurse, who called them "whelps," and that is why the name of Guelph has come down through the ages, adorning thrones and other dignities on its journey. The worst of this story is that it haunts you all through the exhibition. You constantly think of the extraordinary litter of little Guelphs on their way to the river, probably in a bag, and the squalid indignity of the episode communicates itself somehow even to the imposing portraits of regal Georges. It is the duty of a loyal citizen to view these pictures with respect, if not with reverence. Here is the first of the royal line who came over from Hanover to save the Protestant faith, and who brought with him the excellent Baroness Kielmansegge, for our "goods," as that lady herself expressed it in her famous speech to the mob from the carriage window. If the loyal spectator has a fanciful turn of mind, he can obtain a good deal of harmless pleasure by speculating on the physiognomy of this George, to whom the courtly Kneller has imparted a delightfully pensive and even poetic cast of countenance. Is it possible that a monarch with a face like that, cared for nothing but oysters and Rhine wine and pipes and the society of the virtuous Kielmansegge? Why has no chronicler, full of the enthusiasm which so many chroniclers have devoted to the House of Stuart, shown us the romantic George writing poetry at an early age, and betaking himself to pipes and liquor only when his faithless spouse went to wreck with Philip von Königsmarek, and had to be shut up for the rest of her life? But just as you have got well into this romantic retrospect, your eye lights upon a simpering image of the fourth George, and then that unfortunate legend about the "whelps" rushes back upon you, and a perfectly unaccountable temptation to wish that certain Guelphs had been committed to a watery grave very early in life, destroys your peace of mind for the next ten minutes.

The loyal citizen cannot, indeed, be recommended to gaze with devotional ardour at the picture of the Regent surrounded by allegorical ladies, who may remind him that allegory is not always a branch of morals. Nor is it good to look too long at Frederick, Prince of Wales, who recalls the lampoon on "Fred who was alive and is dead;" though, by the aid of a little fancy, he can be made to resemble Mr. Irving. It is best also to pass over the second George, the "dull little man of low tastes," as Thackeray called him; and not to linger near the fourth William after you have read a certain autograph letter of Mrs. Jordan's. But before the portrait of the Princess Amelia you may rally your loyal sentiments, and not be ashamed. Here at last we have a glimpse of the domestic virtues which are the strength of the dynasty now, though they played a very small part amongst the Guelphs who figure on these walls. Amelia was the favourite child of George III., and it was her death which robbed the poor old king of the last remnant of reason. If the artist was not a grossly unconscionable

courtier, Amelia must have been a lovely creature—not "unthinking, idle, wild," as she said of herself, but full of charm and sympathy. To stand before this picture, and remember Thackeray's description of the bereft old man—"Our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little'"—does something to dignify the interest of all that the Guelphs themselves can be said to have contributed to the value of this collection.

But the real charm of the New Gallery is that here are gathered the personal associations of genius for nearly two hundred years. Everything that any Englishman ever did in that period, which his countrymen are proud to remember, is called up by these portraits. The loyal citizen will do well to beguile his son into an excellent educational course during the holidays by taking him into this illustrious company. But first let there be a protest against the arrangement of pictures which has "skied" jolly Dick Steele, and almost hidden Lord Chatham. Dick looks uncommonly well in that quaint dish-cloth which men of his time occasionally wore round their heads. It gives him an additional touch of joviality, while it makes Pope look mean and acid. You can imagine Dick dipping his head-piece in a little cold water when he sat down to write "The Christian Hero" after a potation. Perhaps this suggestion had better be omitted from the revised catalogue which we are preparing for the use of schools. But the youngster who has been artfully drawn into a lesson in holiday-time, may amuse himself with the wigs in the picture of Speaker Onslow and the House of Commons in Sir Robert Walpole's day. There are rows of stout country gentlemen wigged and hatted in the fashion of the period, which makes them all look like great statesmen, though they could forget the proprieties as completely as if they sat below the gangway now. Let our youthful friend look well, too, at General James Wolfe, and let a vigilant parent remind him that the victor of Quebec wished he had written Gray's *Elegy*. Perhaps it will be judicious to pass over Lord Bute without any allusion to the bonfire in which the London mob immolated a jack-boot and a petticoat; and we are not quite certain whether it is wise to lay stress on the tokens of Georgiana of Devonshire's influence over the Westminster electors. The loyal paterfamilias must pick his way with care through these bygone entertainments. And he had better not comment too strongly on the proof of Sir Robert Walpole's piety in the shape of the Bible which the first George's Minister used at college and gave to his son Horace; nor even mention the circumstance that Chesterfield once figured in the character of a parental adviser. The boyish portraits of Pitt and Canning will afford opportunities for instilling ambition into the juvenile mind, and the remarkable resemblance of Warren Hastings to the typical Nonconformist divine, when stricken in years, will suggest an improving discourse on the vicissitudes of the great Indian administrator's reputation, which is at last established on an eminently moral basis.

It may be doubted whether the relics in this exhibition do not detract somewhat from the dignity of an assemblage in which kings and queens fall into their natural rank as the servitors and not the sovereigns of genius. How can a man sustain any elevation of sentiment about these personages when he is suddenly confronted by their small clothes in glass cases? The coat that Wellington wore at Waterloo has no significance. The glass from which Napoleon drank on the same eventful field speaks no message. As for the endless clocks, watches, coffee-pots, nutmeg graters, and so forth, which were handled by unknown persons who happened to live a century or two ago, they might as well figure in the catalogue of an auction. The autograph letters have an interest of their own, when diligently sifted. It is refreshing to learn that "Butcher" Cumberland

sent New Year's congratulations to a friend, and that the fourth George professed "feelings of affection which will never cease to live in my Heart so long as that Heart itself continues to beat." There may be a slight flutter in the bosom of the Turkish Ambassador when he finds Napoleon writing that Egypt in English hands "serait un coup plus funeste pour la puissance ottomane qu'entre les mains des Français." To the Society of Authors there must be an agreeable touch of irony in Keats's remark that, being "fit for nothing but literature," he is confident that he can "cheat as well as any literary Jew of the market." But these gems of wisdom demand at least as careful handling as the compilers of the catalogue have bestowed on the primeval legend of the Guelphs.

THE DRAMA.

THE present writer once received a letter of instructions from an old-fashioned critic, for whom he was "devilling": "Remember that at this festive season" (you see, he *was* old-fashioned) "we of the craft are expected to do our spiring gently." This ancient journalistic tradition is now, I think, if not quite worn out, a little the worse for wear. Why criticism should sell its birthright "to see the thing as it really is" for a mess of plum-pudding may be a nice problem in dialectics for Gargantua and Grandgousier and Brother John of the Funnels, but, for my part, I give it up. The Drury Lane pantomime, now, as Mr. Brooke would say. Year after year the bad old tradition has prevented criticism from seeing that thing as it really is. Year after year the old *cliché*, kept in stock in all London composing-rooms, has been pulled out: "Mr. Augustus Harris has surpassed himself"; and the augurs when they meet in Fleet Street exchange "smiles"—generally, in the American sense. Well may they smile, for the real truth—and they know it—is that the Drury Lane pantomime has been annually going from bad to worse, and so illustrating the old truth that monopoly injures not only the monopolised, but the monopolist. For Mr. Harris's pantomime has ended by swallowing up (shall I allude to Aaron's rod?—no, the comparison is somewhat musty) all the other pantomimes in its neighbourhood. Thus is the last state of the West End pantomime-goer worse than the first—in the old days of the patent houses, when Drury Lane always had a formidable (and sometimes, as in the case of Rich, a victorious) competitor in Covent Garden. The Emperor Augustus now rules over Covent Garden as well as Drury Lane—over Constantinople as well as Rome. Does he ever read his "Decline and Fall," I wonder? There is a special moral for him in that story.

And there is a moral for him, too, in another story, the episodic fable in Swift's "Battle of the Books," wherein there is talk of "the two best things—which are, sweetness and light." Certainly they are the two best things for a pantomime—sweetness, a gentle optimism, a vision of things fair and of good report, for the children; and light, intellect, design, significance, for the grown-ups. Yet these two best things are absent from *Beauty and the Beast*, as they have been absent from its predecessors in recent years. For "sweetness" you have, always excepting the Basket of Roses—which is really beautiful and does illustrate the story—a flashy Ball Room scene and a procession of Toilet Articles, which latter might illustrate something if the pantomime were not *Beauty and the Beast* but the *Rape of the Lock*.

"The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Fans, and Slippers pose."

But they pose amid Hindoo dancing-girls, playing tom-toms, which is hardly an improvement on

Pope. For "light" you have Mr. Harry Nicholls (an admirable droll when he chooses, but this Christmas he does not choose), Mr. Herbert Campbell, Mr. Dan Leno, Miss Vesta Tilley, Lady Dunlop, the Man Serpent, and the Blondin Donkey. On the whole, I should be inclined to split the prize for drollery between the donkey (who this year, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, is two gentlemen at once) and a Mr. Tom Walton, whose impersonation of a toy soldier is the one bit of genuine pantomime in this monstr'-inform'-ingens show. But what a gulf between pantomime *imperatore* Druriolano and pantomime *consule* Planchéo, when the heroes of the music-hall and the heroines of the law courts were taught to know their place, and to keep it! And where is the famous trio of our boyhood, W. H. Payne, king of pantomimists, with his sons Fred and Harry? W. H. has turned a double somersault over the Styx, and is now convulsing the happy shades in Elysium with etherialised sausages and the apotheosis of a red-hot poker; "poor Fred is dead"; and Harry, though he lives, a prosperous gentleman, has, alas! deserted Drury Lane.

At the Haymarket this week *Beau Austin* has gone into the evening bill. A second hearing confirms one's first impression, that the production of this piece is the chief dramatic event not only of the year, but of the lustrum; and it is pleasant to note from its continued run that its success is not, as so often happens when arts really fine are in question, merely a success of esteem. And what is even more refreshing (on the Rochefoucauldian principle that there is something not altogether unpleasing to us in the misfortune of our dearest friends) is that this success has contributed not only to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's coffers, but to the manifest confusion of certain critical opponents. Among our dearest friends aforesaid, there is, to take a notable instance, the critic of the "largest circulation in the world." I cannot help thinking that this gentleman, had he not been writing for the "largest," etc., would have treated *Beau Austin* more intelligently. An able and experienced man, he can, when writing for other circulations, be liberal, alert, curious, literary. But see, with Darwin, how the environment modifies the organism. Obviously, the "largest, etc.," if it wishes to remain largest, is condemned to a certain mediocrity of spirit in literature. Hence its contributors, however brilliant they may prove to be elsewhere, here cannot choose but be mediocre. And hence its dramatic critic, with the chorus of supernumeraries who are only too glad to take their cue from him, has condemned *Beau Austin*. And this, mark you, not only because the play is a literary play, abounding in all the qualities—distinction of style, delicacy, grace, urbanity, exquisite finish—which mediocrity instinctively loathes, but apparently because the play is supposed not to observe "the rules." Thus the "exposition" has been found too long, the "crisis" too sudden, the "catastrophe" unsatisfying. One would have thought that this school of criticism, with its terrible "rules," its hidebound system of theatrical æsthetics, had perished with La Harpe, were it not for the presence of M. Sarcey in Paris, and of an English Sarcey (*minus* Sarcey's Voltaireanism, and *plus* a certain curious sentimentality which might be called Anglo-Rousseauism) in Fleet Street. This critical school, having the ear of the big gullible public, waxeth fat and kicketh. But, happily, there is a small minority (daily growing larger, as the success of *Beau Austin* proves) which cares not a straw for the cut-and-dried "rules," the orthodox "conventions" of the theatre. It is composed of people who are quite honest in their refusal to take pleasure in the melodramatic sentiment of Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. George R. Sims; who like *The Pharisee* just because it lacks the sleight-of-hand ingenuity of Sardou; who were not blind to the cleverness of *The Dean's Daughter* because it was disrespectful to Deans; who were fascinated by *A Doll's House* just because it failed to square with

the old morality, and did not object to the front door which Nora (as Hood wrote of another door)

— "shut with such a slam,
It sounded like a wooden d—n,"

because it was an unconventional *dénouement*; who found *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien* none the less satisfying because it was not "a piece." These people care little for plot, still less for goody-goody stage ethics, least of all for parts to order, "which fit the accomplished, &c. &c., manager like a glove"; but what they do ask for in the playhouse is literature. And in *Beau Austin*, for once, they get it. The players have now risen to the level of the play. Mr. Tree has lost his nervousness and his obtrusive tear; Miss Leclercq her *staccato*, and the Royal Duke of the last act his dumbness. Mr. Robb Harwood looks the part of young Anthony Musgrave, which Mr. Maurice did not, and Mr. Allan's unctuous humour fits the Beau's valet quite as well as did Mr. Brookfield's more parched drollery—*uno servo avulso non deficit alter*.

Octave Feuillet's death cannot be said to have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, but it will bedew many scented pocket-handkerchiefs in many aristocratic boudoirs. Feuillet was essentially the ladies' man of letters—with the result, they say, that half the female authors of Europe asked him to revise their MSS. His style, his themes, his sentiment, his elegance, his fragility, were all lady-like, all redolent of *odor di femmina*. Not the least feminine note of his talent is that it was always complimentary to some other, and masculine, one: now to Musset's (hence the Goncourts' oft-quoted pun, *le Musset [Musée] des Familles*), now to the younger Dumas'. Another such note is his vein of romantic chromolithograph sentiment, his fondness for ruined ivy-clad towers (*Le Roman d'un jeune Homme pauvre*) and moonlit lakes (*Le Sphinx*). Another is his religiosity: his bad men come to a worse end because they are atheists (*M. de Camors*; *Un Roman Parisien*), as also his bad women (Sabine Talleraut, in *La Morte*), while his good women try to convert their husbands, or the gentlemen who should be, to the true faith (*La Morte*, again, and *L'histoire de Sibylle*). Another feminine note is the "neurosis," sometimes the hysteria, of his work; his characters, men as well as women, are bundles of nerves. And the ladies for whom he wrote are more than ladies; they are grand ladies *de par le monde*, the *monde* of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Château. They are all superb horsewomen, and one of them commits suicide in the saddle (*Julia de Tréceur*); their papas are marquises who have retired to Brittany in disgust of the new democracy; they are all immensely rich, and so are their adorers. It was Flaubert (see the *Journal des Goncourts*, vol. i.) who remarked, in unquotable language, that even Feuillet's "poor young man" had 12,000 francs a year. The sultanas were ever notoriously fond of sweetmeats, and Feuillet will long remain popular in the harems. But the joke about "*les familles*" must not mislead us—as it seems to have misled some ingenious obituarists this week—into supposing that Feuillet supplied good family-reading, as we English understand the family. Critics, not unfriendly, have often detected a certain sensual leaven in Catholic mysticism, and certainly Feuillet's pious heroines sometimes sacrifice to Venus as readily as they go to confession. If Feuillet survives, it will probably be rather by his novels than his plays. The most famous of these is *Le Sphinx*, but it is famous, not for its own sake—it is a poor play—but for Mlle. Croizette's realistic suicide by poison. The last of them, *Chamillac*, was apparently written to show how foolish is M. Coquelin's notorious eagerness to appear in parts unsuited for him. They have often been adapted into English: *Le Roman d'un jeune Homme pauvre* by Lester Wallack (*The Romance of a Poor Young Man*), by John Oxenford (*Ivy Hall*), and by Dr. Westland Marston (*A Hero of Romance*);

La Tentation by Dion Boucicault (*Led Astray*), and *Le Village* by G. H. Lewes (*A Cosy Couple*), and Mr. Clement Scott (*The Vicarage*); while *Montjoye* has served as the foundation for Mr. Sydney Grundy's *Mammon*, a powerful play, far greater than the original, and perhaps the only one of the lot which would stand the test of revival. A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT's code of morals is founded on an arithmetical calculation. He says he would rather have been disgraced in the Divorce Court like MR. PARNELL twenty times over, and have told twenty times the number of MR. PARNELL's lies, than have played MR. GLADSTONE's part in the Home Rule agitation. Probably these tricks with the multiplication table are not unknown in Bedlam. We can imagine some highly respectable lunatic gravely telling a companion that he would rather have debauched forty men's wives, and outlied ANANIAS by at least a hundred, than have voted for Free Trade or the extension of the franchise. But the wonder is that MR. AUBERON HERBERT should be permitted to perform these grotesque antics in the names of Unionist "intellect" and "morality."

THE story of DR. SCHLIEMANN's romance shows that a girl who marries a scholar may have even a worse fate than that which befell DOROTHEA BROOKE when she married MR. CASAUBON. "The Key of all the Mythologies" made its author an insufferable husband, but he was an angel compared with the discoverer of the Trojan relics. DR. SCHLIEMANN obtained a divorce in America, it is said, and married a maid of Athens who had to be educated up to him. Part of the process consisted of learning fifty lines of the Iliad every night, and this discipline was rigorously maintained in spite of tears. Unfortunately the Athenian lady does not seem to have displayed the spirit of her ancestors. A touch of XANTIPPE would have imparted something like a moral equilibrium to DR. SCHLIEMANN's household.

It is natural that MADAME ALBANI should be proud of being a neighbour of the Queen in Scotland, and that she should enter into many minute details of the Royal household in her gratitude for her Sovereign's unvarying kindness. This description might, indeed, have passed muster if it were not for the writer's anxiety to represent Her Majesty as an editor. It appears that the *Court Circular* is edited, revised, and corrected by the Queen's own hand, and that "this important document is a model of accuracy." The importance of faithfully recording the walks and drives and luncheons of Royalty may be easily overrated. It is conceivable that the Empire would move much as usual if the *Court Circular* were to announce that the Queen had dined at the hour when she invariably breakfasts. MADAME ALBANI's little boy remarked that Her Majesty was "a little woman to be such a big Queen"; and when he studies the *Court Circular* his surprise at this disproportion may be considerably enhanced. But it is pleasant to learn that the Queen loves a homely ballad, and anyone who has heard MADAME ALBANI sing "Robin Adair" will feel privileged to share Her Majesty's appreciation.

THE *Universal Review* dies with the present number. Like the *Fortnightly*, when the *Fortnightly* made good its title, the *Universal* has been a financial failure. This appears to endorse the trade axiom that no journal published in the middle of the month can succeed. MR. QUILTER's *Review* can hardly be said to have died hard, but it has certainly

made a good end, the final number containing matter as varied and bright as the best of its predecessors. There is no need to sing requiems over dead magazines; after life's fitful fever they sleep well, their only fear being the literary resurrection-man, or professional bookmaker, who sometimes violates their repose in the national book-mausoleum in Bloomsbury.

ONE goes, and at least five others come. We have already noticed the *Strand Magazine*, and referred to MR. BUCHANAN'S *Modern Review*; now three more monthlies are announced. The REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS is going to advocate in the *Coming Day* the Religion of Humanity, "based upon the permanent foundations of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man;" MR. E. S. YATES means to see if there is room for *Groombridge's Magazine* among the crowded ranks of the sixpenny monthlies of fiction and literature; and MR. BALSILLIE, in the *Ladder*, hopes to secure the suffrages of the generation which has just left the board-schools, presumably hungry for instruction in a more palatable form than text-books usually provide.

"A RAGGED girl in Drury Lane was heard to exclaim, 'DICKENS dead! Then will Father Christmas die too?'" On June 9th, 1870, a journalist wrote that sentence in a newspaper. In the current *Athenæum*, MR. THEODORE WATTS expands it into a sonnet, in the sestet of which he bids London take courage, because, although he

"Whose brave sweet voice, uttering thy tongueless years,
Made laughter bubble through the sea of tears,"

is gone, DICKENS returns on Christmas Day; meaning, as Orlando would have said, London a sea, and DICKENS a subterranean fire. There are, however, good lines in the sonnet, but we prefer the pressman's sentence to the artist's poem.

"A POLITICAL SURVIVAL," the title of an article by MR. EDWARD ARMSTRONG in *Macmillan* for January, is apt to mislead. One thinks:—"MR. ARMSTRONG has made a discovery. Some club of stern, unbending Tories, who would scorn to bid against the Radicals for the Irish vote, has been unearthed in Mayfair. Or he has found some long-forgotten prerogative of the Crown. He is going to startle us in some way about England or Ireland." When we open the magazine, we are at first disappointed. It is only the Republic of San Marino, the little, long-lost sister of America, fallen into RIP VAN WINKLE'S slumber on an Italian mountain-side. But we are soon deeply interested in this undestroyed Pompeii of the mountains, which was a Commune before Rome was known, or Florence thought of, when Naples was a barren shore, and Venice but a bank of mud.

THE unconscious fun of M. DE BLOWITZ has taken the place in this month's *Harper* of the somewhat artificial humour of M. DAUDET'S "Last Adventures of Tartarin." "How I became a Journalist" might very well be called "The Gentle Art of Chaffing Oneself." Whether he finds himself in the position of an elephant from whose back a cannon has been fired, and which first feels the shock without knowing whence it comes, or possessed with the demon of journalism, or enjoying an immense indifference to the blows dealt against him, and "a power of instantaneous recovery from attachments," M. DE BLOWITZ is always in his own eyes the most picturesque figure in modern history: a point of view which does not by any means prevent him from giving an interesting account of the Commune in

Marseilles, and some new gossip about BISMARCK, THIERS, FAVRE, and LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

It was as OLIPHANT'S henchman, when he was the *Times* correspondent in Paris, that M. DE BLOWITZ began his journalistic career; and in 1872 he succeeded his chief. He says, "A lucky accident secured for me the approbation and good-will of MR. JOHN DELANE, who for thirty-two years was editor of the *Times*, and who, I need scarcely say, was the most competent judge of the merits of a journalist, and the honour and glory of the profession." We have seldom seen a piece of self-laudation so neatly turned. In describing two incidents of the Commune the writer characterises them in single paragraphs of one word each. We may make a compound of these epithets for the benefit of M. DE BLOWITZ, and call him the "grotesque-sublime."

WHAT would a woman's drinking-song be like?—not such a drinking-song as GEORGE MEREDITH might write for the lover of LASSALLE, or ROBERT BROWNING might have written for Ottima; we mean a drinking-song written by a woman. MRS. BROWNING gave us something of the kind in "Wine of Cyprus," but for an actual song, as full of lyrical impulse as "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," although as far removed from it in sentiment as day is from night, how will this do?—

"Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

"When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

"Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!"

That is by EMILY DICKINSON, one of whose poems we quoted a fortnight ago. There ought to be an English edition of her works at once.

MR. HEINEMANN has paid IBSEN £150 for the English copyright of his new play, *Hedda Gabler*. This is a certain indication that the Norwegian writer is growing popular in our country. Since the time of KOTZEBUE there has been nothing like this sudden vogue of a foreign author, except of course in the case of novelists. What do the Ibsenites think of it, and what do they think of the common assertion that an easily acquired reputation in letters seldom accompanies merit of the highest order?

L'Obstacle, ALPHONSE DAUDET'S new play, has been variously criticised by the Paris press, but there are six pointed evidences of its success. Six gentlemen, amongst whom is M. XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN, the novelist beloved by the lower classes in Paris, have gone to the newspapers with six several charges of plagiarism against M. DAUDET, and M. XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN is positive that *L'Obstacle* is taken from one of his romances, "but he generously forgives DAUDET for stealing his ideas." The other charges are similar, and five *littérateurs* who had failed to obtain a hearing on their merits, have secured an hour's notoriety at the expense of M. DAUDET. In France just now, it is harder even than in England for the successful dramatist to escape the charge of plagiarism; but DAUDET has, perhaps, less to fear from it than any of his contemporaries. His trust is in the "human document" of his own finding, and few men of letters have borrowed so little from the writings of other people.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

IF ADOLPHE BELOT, whose death at the age of sixty-one was recorded at the end of last week, had died twenty years ago it would scarcely have been better or worse for his fame. He was one of the most finished and forceful of the newest school of French novelists whose best successes have owed something to scandal. He has been described as one of ZOLA'S imitators by those who forget that "Mlle. Giraud ma Femme" appeared some years before the "Rougon-Macquart" series was commenced. By no means is all that BELOT wrote condemnable, but his eminence was a bad one, and he had a wretched and deplorable influence over his younger contemporaries in fiction. The best of his plays, *Le Testament de César Girodot*, written nearly thirty-one years ago, still holds the stage.

THE determination of the considerable body of artists who are known as forming the Newlyn School, to exhibit together at MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S, has so far resulted exceedingly to their detriment. It may ultimately prove their salvation. It has taught the public, what those who have had opportunities of watching these painters have long since recognised, that whatever talent and genius there is amongst them, is being frittered away in mutual admiration, slavish imitation of the *technique* of their leaders, and general inbreeding. It is positively pathetic to go into the Bond Street Gallery and see how men and women of strong originality and really marvellous technical dexterity are setting themselves no higher task than to reproduce the mannerisms, style, choice of subject and composition of the little chiefs of their own particular art class.

THE result of too much flattery reacts on the leaders themselves. MR. STANHOPE FORBES' "The Convent" was painted some years ago, and it certainly compares most favourably with his recent work. On MR. FORBES' shoulders rests a great and special responsibility. Before MISS ARMSTRONG became MRS. FORBES, she was an artist of strong and sanguine inventiveness, as those who remember her pastel studies of children, and her work with the etching needle, will readily acknowledge. She is now becoming a distinct copyist of her husband. "Domino," by MR. FRANK BRAMLEY, despite its merits, is not worthy of this promising pupil of the late CHARLES VERLAT. But the main point to insist upon is that in this exhibition we look round in despair to find that what is not canvas *à la* BRAMLEY is canvas *à la* FORBES, and that a craze for Simian imitation has set in. The principals appear pleased that their methods seem so worthy of being followed, but their pleasure is misplaced. Their copyists very nearly approach them in mechanical dexterity; they have carried the worship of the "flat brush" to just as great lengths; all that they lack is originality—and the public will not be able to decide whether masters or pupils were originally original.

THE Newlynites have faithfully and naturally recorded some very charming facts about the unaffected and simple lives of the Cornish fisher-folk. These pictorial statements are veracious and reliable. This is already much. But their work is lacking in many requisite art qualities, and is confessedly undecorative. All their faults accentuate themselves from the habit of working gregariously. They have done enough in one particular branch. Their hope of regeneration is now to scatter right and left over the face of England, to break up the Newlyn School, merge themselves in the general art of the country—which they will leaven—and thus lose their own disfiguring mannerisms. The need for something of the sort seems dawning on them. They are, through an organ which they seem to inspire, putting forward various apologies for the poorness of the present exhibition. They seem to

fear that it may cost their candidate for the vacant Associateship dearly. Perhaps at this juncture his defeat would be a disguised advantage. Meanwhile we hear MR. STANHOPE FORBES is engaged on a picture of a Salvation Army meeting on Newlyn Sands, for the next Academy.

A GOOD many people are wondering why the dog-muzzling order has been withdrawn, and certainly no adequate reason has been assigned by MR. CHAPLIN'S department. It seems that the public are henceforth to be at the mercy of all dogs who wear collars inscribed with the names of the owners. If this is a sufficient precaution against rabies, why was it insufficient when the muzzling order was issued? There is a reason for this proceeding, no doubt. MR. CHAPLIN has not forgotten the wrath of the Kentish Tories who swore that they would vote for Home Rule rather than support a Ministry that muzzled their dogs. These brutes have apparently been unmuzzled because, though they may bite the public, they will preserve the Union. This piece of reasoning may be commended to PROFESSOR DICEY, whose logic is rather out of repair.

THE MAGIC SHADOW.

ONCE upon a time there was born a man-child with a magic shadow.

His case was so rare that a number of doctors have been disputing over it ever since and picking his parents' histories and genealogies to bits, to find the cause. Their inquiries do not help us much. The father drove a cab; the mother was a charwoman and came of a consumptive family. But these facts will not quite account for a magic shadow. The birth took place on the night of a new moon, down a narrow alley into which neither moon nor sun ever penetrated beyond the third-storey windows—and that is why the parents were so long in discovering their child's miraculous gift. The hospital-student who attended merely remarked that the babe was small and sickly, and recommended the mother to drink sound port-wine while nursing him,—which she could not afford.

Nevertheless, the boy struggled somehow through five years of life, and was put into small-clothes. Two weeks after this promotion, his mother started off to scrub out a big house in the fashionable quarter, and took him with her: for the house possessed a wide garden, laid with turf and lined with espaliers, sunflowers and hollyhocks, and as the month was August, and the family away in Scotland, there seemed no harm in letting the child run about in this paradise while she worked. A flight of steps descended from the drawing-room to the garden, and as she knelt on her mat in the cool room it was easy to keep an eye on him. Now and then she gazed out into the sunshine and called; and the boy stopped running about and nodded back, or shouted the report of some fresh discovery.

By-and-by a sulphur butterfly excited him so that he must run up the broad stone steps with the news. The woman laughed, looking at his flushed face, then down at his shoe-strings, which were untied: and then she jumped up, crying out sharply—"Stand still, child—stand still a moment!"

She might well stare. Her son stood and smiled in the sun, and his shadow lay on the whitened steps. Only the silhouette was not that of a little breeched boy, but of a little girl in petticoats; and it wore long curls, whereas the charwoman's son was close-cropped.

The woman stepped out on the terrace to look closer. She twirled her boy round and walked him down into the garden, and backwards and forwards, and stood him in all manner of positions and attitudes, and rubbed her eyes. But there was no mistake: the shadow was that of a little girl.

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She hurried over her charing, and took the boy home for his father to see before sunset. As the matter seemed important and she did not wish people in the street to notice anything strange, they rode back in an omnibus. They might have spared the haste, however, as the cab-driver did not reach home till supper-time, and then it was found that in the light of a candle, even when stuck inside a carriage-lamp, their son cast just an ordinary shadow. But next morning at sunrise they woke him up and carried him to the house-top, where the sunlight slanted between the chimney-stacks: and the shadow was that of a little girl.

The father scratched his head. "There's money in this, wife. We'll keep the thing close; and in a year or two he'll be fit to go round in a show and earn money to support our declining years."

With that the poor little one's misfortunes began. For they shut him in his room, nor allowed him to play with the other children in the alley—there was no knowing what harm might come to his precious shadow. On dark nights his father walked him out along the streets; and the boy saw many curious things under the gas-lamps, but never the little girl who inhabited his shadow. So that by degrees he forgot all about her. And his father kept silence.

Yet all the while she grew side by side with him, keeping pace with his years. And on his fifteenth birthday, when his parents took him out into the country and, in the sunshine there, revealed his secret, she was indeed a companion to be proud of—neat of figure, trim of ankle, with masses of waving hair; but whether blonde or brunette could not be told; and, alas! she had no eyes to look into.

"My son," said they, "the world lies before you. Only do not forget your parents, who conferred on you this remarkable shadow."

The youth promised, and went off to a showman. The showman gladly hired him; for, of course, a magic shadow was a rarity, though not so well paying as the Strong Man or the Fat Woman, for these were worth seeing every day, whereas for weeks at a time, in dull weather or foggy, our hero had no shadow at all. But he earned enough to keep himself and help the parents at home; and was considered a success.

One day, after five years of this, he sought the Strong Man, and sighed. For they had become close friends.

"I am in love," he confessed.

"With your shadow?"

"No."

"Not with the Fat Woman!" the Strong Man exclaimed, with a start of jealousy.

"No. I have seen her these three days in the Square, on her way to music lesson. She has dark brown eyes and wears yellow ribbons. I love her."

"You don't say so! She has never come to our performance, I hope."

"It has been foggy ever since we came to this town."

"Ah, to be sure. Then there's a chance: for, you see, she would never look at you if she knew of—of that other. Take my advice—go into society, always at night, when there is no danger; get introduced; dance with her; sing serenades under her window; then marry her. Afterwards—well, that's your affair."

So the youth went into society and met the girl he loved, and danced with her so vivaciously and sang serenades with such feeling beneath her window, that at last she felt he was all in all to her. Then the youth asked to be allowed to see her father, who was a Retired Colonel; and professed himself a man of Substance. He said nothing of the Shadow: but it is true he had saved a certain amount. "Then to all intents and purposes you are a gentleman," said the Retired Colonel; and the wedding-day was fixed.

They were married in dull weather, and spent a delightful honeymoon. But when spring came and brighter days, the young wife began to feel lonely; for her husband locked himself, all the day long, in

his study—to work, as he said. He seemed to be always at work; and whenever he consented to a holiday, it was sure to fall on the bleakest and dimmest day in the week.

"You are never so gay now as you were last Autumn. I am jealous of that work of yours. At least," she pleaded, "let me sit with you and share your affection with it."

But he laughed and denied her: and next day she peered in at him through the keyhole of his study.

That same evening she ran away from him: having seen the shadow of another woman by his side.

Then the poor man—for he had loved his wife—cursed the day of his birth and led an evil life. This lasted for ten years, and his wife died in her father's house, unforgiving.

On the day of her funeral, the man said to his shadow—"I see it all. We were made for each other, so let us marry. You have wrecked my life and now must save it. Only it is rather hard to marry a wife that one can only see by sunlight and moonlight."

So they were married; and spent all their life in the open air, looking on the naked world and learning its secrets. And his shadow bore him children, in stony ways and on the bare mountain-side. And for every child that was born the man felt the pangs of it.

And at last he died and was judged: and when interrogated concerning his good deeds, began—

"We two——"

—and looked around for his shadow. A great light shone all about; but she was nowhere to be seen. In fact, she had passed before him; and his children remained on earth, where men already were heaping them with flowers and calling them divine.

Then the man folded his arms and lifted his chin.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I am simply a sinner."

There are in this world certain men who create. The children of such are poems, and the half of their soul female. For it is written that without woman no new thing shall come into the world. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INDIA AND IMPERIAL MILITARY EXPENDITURE.

SIR,—The admirably complete paper on "Military and Naval Expenditure and Statistics," read by Sir Charles Dilke before the Royal Statistical Society, when taken as a whole, can leave scarcely any loophole for correction or revision. But it was almost inevitable that in the summaries of that essay, or in the comments on it in the press, some of the reserves or qualifications that Sir Charles was careful to make are liable to be overlooked—more especially as to the sources from which the total Imperial military expenditure is supplied.

Permit me to quote a single sentence from your own comments, which, taken alone, may give a defective impression in that direction, thus:—"Of regular troops with the colours, the 35½ millions of expenditure provide 211,000 Imperial forces at home and in India, including 124,000 native troops, of whom Sir Charles Dilke classes 56,000 as 'bad,' and the small forces of Canada and Australia."

As to that figure of 35½, the original text (which is not just now before me), no doubt, shows how it is made up; but another commentator puts it thus:—"The total expenditure out of taxes, in the case of the United Kingdom was, last year, 16½ millions, and in India the same, or 33 millions sterling (34 millions in the present year), besides the expenditure out of loans, etc., etc."

Now, without attempting to adjust the portion of this expenditure paid from taxation by the United Kingdom—which differs somewhat from the figures in the "Financial Almanac" (£17,345,811) and in "Whitaker"—allow me to fasten attention on the very large proportion of our military expenditure that is borne by India, whether we take that total as 35½ or 33 millions. Of course Sir Charles Dilke and other responsible public men always bear this in mind: though, somehow, they seldom make any direct reference to this large factor of our Imperial revenues. The man in the street or in the clubs only knows anything of India's contribution to our military expenditure

and army in the vaguest fashion. As "India pays," it is of no consequence to him.

Just a line or two will suffice to bring this out, and supply the omission from the summarised sentences I have quoted above. The Indian budget estimate for Army Services for the current year is twenty-one and a half millions (tens of rupees). Of this, nearly four millions comes under the head of "Non-Effectives"—that is, mainly pensions; but a similar item enters into the £17·8 millions of the United Kingdom military taxation. And be it noted, that three or four millions sterling paid by India is expended in this country, thereby contributing to the annual income of our people. Also it should be borne in mind that the cost of the "74,000 regulars in India," which, as Sir Charles Dilke very justly remarks, are "by far the finest of all our forces, and, probably, the best small army in the world," is paid, *every shilling of it*, by the industrially weak population of India, who are entirely unrepresented in our Imperial Parliament or Councils. Do not let us ignore the absent.—Yours, etc.,

Brook Green, December 24th, 1890. W. MARTIN WOOD.

THE MATCH-MAKERS OF THE EAST END.

SIR,—You were so kind as to give a place in your columns, last May, to my appeal for help in the work of organising the match-box makers of Shoreditch. That appeal, as perhaps you may remember, was not for money, but for someone fit to undertake a very dull and difficult piece of work. It was answered by one of your readers, Mrs. R., who for the past six months has been down to Shoreditch once a week, and, after a hard day's work, has generously devoted the whole leisure of her evening hours to the formation of a Match-box Makers' Union.

Miss Routledge, I, and some other members and friends of the Women's Trades Union League, arranged, at Mrs. R.'s request, for a tea meeting last night at the Office of this Union, where we found eighty-four members, whose numbers were considerably increased before the evening ended. The women, whose affectionate confidence Mrs. R. has evidently won, showed a thoroughly intelligent understanding of their position, and had sensible views as to what the Union could do for them. They are already much brightened by the mere fact of association with others, and interested by the glimpse into the world of labour beyond them which they get by contact with us. We are now trying to put before them, gradually, what we think may possibly be effected by and by, if they themselves manage to bring up their Union to count, as it ought to count, its thousands.

In the first place, we desire to ensure that the rates paid for work done at home shall be the same as those paid for exactly the same work when done within the walls of a factory, which, at present, there is reason to believe is not always the case. Secondly, we wish to bring about legislation to make it compulsory on those firms who put out their work to keep a list of the houses in which that work is done; this list to be for the information of the factory inspector, who should visit and report on the condition of the said houses. We believe that this measure would tend ultimately to the erection of proper workshops, and would strike at the root of all the evils which are incidental to home labour.

We believe that both these ends may be achieved by careful and steady organisation of the workers themselves, combined with the pressure of public opinion when it has once been aroused and instructed as to the question. In so far as foreign labour affects the general situation, we are also prepared to deal with it, and hope to send a competent person to Sweden to investigate the conditions of the trade there, so that we may not leave out of our calculations factors which, perhaps, gravely affect the industry as it stands in Shoreditch.

I began this letter by saying that I had asked your readers for help, but not for money: to-day I am asking for both. We shall be glad of more good workers such as Mrs. R., and we want funds for our Swedish expedition; and if anyone will send donations for this purpose to Miss Routledge, Hon. Secretary Women's Trades Union League, at the Industrial Hall, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, they will be gratefully and thankfully received and acknowledged.—Yours, etc.,

EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

76, Sloane Street, December 30th, 1890.

"MAGGIE IN MYTHICA."

SIR,—Little need be said in reply to Mr. Doveton's letter in your last week's issue. He asked for an independent opinion on his book, and he got it. If he had disputed a point of fact, he would have been within his rights; but he must see that it would be impossible for a reviewer to enter into correspondence with every author who had unreasonable self-esteem. I was pleased to criticise Mr. Doveton's story, but I am not going to discuss its merits with him. Besides, Mr. Doveton is angry without cause; he is angry because I said nothing about his rhymes; he should be pleased, not angry.—Faithfully yours,
January 1st, 1891.

YOUR REVIEWER.

THE LASCAR: A POLITICAL ALLEGORY.

(See letters from superior persons *passim*.)

NOW the squall has burst in fury, crashing
thunder, pelting rain,
And the forked and steely lightnings cleave the
inky night in twain.
Now the good ship strives and battles, by the
tempest madly whirled,
Yet her masts stand firm and steady, every scrap
of canvas furled.
Wave on wave comes fiercely leaping, while the
storm-wind howls her dirge;
Now the gaping depths engulf her, now she stag-
gers on the verge;
Wave on wave should overwhelm her, wave on
wave is beaten back:
Still she rides triumphant through them, with
defiance in her track,

And the weather-beaten Captain, with a smile upon
his face,

Unappalled, he shouts his orders, "Quick, my heart-
ies, to your place!"

Many tempests have we weathered since we first
together met,

Banged by waves and lured by wreckers, we shall
make the harbour yet.

You and I have sailed for glory, storm and calm,
for many a year,

Take the word, and do your duty," and for answer
came a cheer.

All were ready save one only; weak and motionless
he lay—

One poor, imprecating Lascar, who had shipped with
them for pay.

Then says Jim to Jack, "Look here, mate, this
here vessel can't afford

To be hampered up with lumber; chuck the lubber
overboard.

He was always one to grumble, and to shiver and
to shirk;

Many a time we've kicked and cuffed him when he
wouldn't do his work:

Ships and sails were made for sailors, not for
chicken-hearts like him.

Lend a hand and heave him over." "Right you
are," says Jack to Jim.

But the Captain shouted loudly, "Leave the
coward to himself;

We can save the ship without him, who has shipped
with us for pelf."

So they left him, and the tempest raged and thun-
dered through the night,

Left him grovelling and weeping, to his curses and
his fright.

And they fought the fight without him, and at
breaking of the day

From the vainly battered bulwarks fled the sullen
storm away.

And they brought her into harbour, taut and trim
and stout and true,

With a cheering crowd to greet them—noble Cap-
tain, gallant crew.

And the lily-livered Lascar, strutting proudly, told
the tale

How he saved them single-handed from the fury
of the gale.

R. C. L.

THE NEWLY DEVOUT.

DEEP on the pillar-box the snows
Lie sparkling to the moon;

My letter to the paper goes—

May it be published soon!

I may have been a scoffer once,

But on these last days of December,

Watching the short year's snowy close,

Back to that church my memory goes,

Whereof, as everybody knows,

I was baptised a member.

Ah! I was not as other boys,
Nor hostile to dissent;
The chapel pulpit to my joys
A deeper sweetness lent;
And often now I rise and take
A well-worn volume from the shelf,
Wherein those dear discourses lie
That lift my soul toward the sky:
"They are such noble sermons!" I
Remark unto myself.

Of course I do. There was a day—
I can remember one—
When I had something smart to say
About a halting sun.
I showed you how by figures man
His faith in miracles reduces;
At the stained creeds I hurled my bricks;
But when I took to politics,
I learned, with sundry other tricks,
Religion had its uses.

It's one more theme on which to rave;
It's one more party cry;
It makes a scarlet rag to wave
Before the party's eye.
And that's the reason I've attacked
These dark-browed Romish priests to-day;
I am the champion Protestant,
I—unsectarian—tolerant!
Cant? Why, of course it's utter cant,
And pretty sure to pay.

How can you doubt or hesitate,
All ye who nonconform,
To trust me with the faith I hate,
In times of stress and storm?
Make me your champion, me your guide,
And following after me,
Sweet memories of my boyhood bring
Back to my great mind, while you sing
That holy and appropriate thing—
The hymn for those at sea.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, January 2nd, 1891.

THE dates of the first appearance of Ideas are often as hard to determine as those of Expressions. These latter are very hard indeed to determine, and when determined most surprising. Who first called the famous warrior son of Edward the Third the "Black Prince"? Certainly not Froissart nor any other old chronicler. Sir Richard Baker, who wrote in Charles the First's time, had evidently never heard the phrase. He says that had the Prince lived in heroic times he might well have been numbered amongst the Nine Worthies, but he never calls the hero of Poitiers by the name by which every schoolboy now knows him. The picturesque expression, "The Black Death," has, we believe, been traced as far back as Mrs. Markham, but no farther. Passing from expressions to ideas, we may usefully inquire when did Westminster Abbey come to be popularly regarded as a place of sepulture for heroes as well as for kings.

Lord Clarendon says that Admiral Blake was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel to encourage his officers to venture their lives, and we are assured by Dean Stanley that this was the first burial of the sort. It is not altogether a good example, for it happened during our so-called Republican period, and the Admiral was after the Restoration ignominiously evicted and buried in a pit dug on the north side of the Abbey, but it is the first of its kind.

The Collegiate Church of St. Peter, built by the Confessor for his own burial-place, has remained to

the end what it was from the beginning, a Royal foundation, and has been alike the scene of the coronation of every English King and Queen from the Conqueror downwards, and the charnel-house of the bones of many of them. It is a thousand pities they are not all buried there. Sir Roger de Coverley felt this when he visited the Abbey, and so always do we. It would be immensely impressive.

Apart from Royal personages, burial in the Abbey was for centuries mere haphazard. Honest folk who owned property in the neighbourhood, or chanced to die hard by, or whose relatives were willing or obliged to pay the heavy fees demanded by the Dean and Chapter, were buried somewhere or other in the Abbey without demur. The conscious dedication of the Abbey by the authorities as the burial-place of illustrious men and of no one else does not date farther back than Dean Stanley's time. There were 107 burials in the Abbey from 1800 to 1865 when Stanley was appointed Dean, but of these only 20 could be said to be of men in any way distinguished. Since 1865 there have been 27 burials, all, with the exception of the Percys, who have a prescriptive right, being persons who were at all events supposed at the time of their burial to be really distinguished.

But notwithstanding plain facts like these, the tradition has somehow prevailed that Westminster Abbey has long been, in the language of Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," "the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and Kings of England." A visit to the Abbey was no doubt apt to shake this tradition, but as a rule plain people, who did not themselves do anything in the philosophical or heroic line, were content to dispense with any examination of the titles of the occupants of the tombs in the Abbey to their stately quarters, and to assume that they were there for something. The wise knew better, and either grinned or grumbled, according to their humour.

The Poets' Corner did a little to justify the popular tradition. It is a series of lucky accidents. Chaucer is there, not because of his poetry, but because he was a clerk of the works and had a well-connected wife. Spenser is there because he died in the vicinity and the Earl of Essex became liable for the fees. Beaumont and Drayton owe their places to patronage, not to merit. Sir Robert Ayton, coming as he did from Fife and chancing to die in London, was, properly enough, being a poet, buried in the Abbey, but we cannot honestly assert the charm of his verse to be such as to make him the exception which proves the rule that poetical merit had nothing to do with interment in the Abbey. Ben Jonson is perhaps that exception.

There are supposed to be 1,400 bodies buried in the Abbey, and 1,750 bodies just outside it. How many of these played any great part in life? It is vanity to ask the question, and it would be vexatious to answer it.

It is no new thing in our history to find a national tradition and an official tradition running counter to one another. For many a long day a tomb in the Abbey has been thought to be a great thing, and to be within the reach of a great man. Our immortal Nelson—an Englishman to the backbone—gave utterance to the national tradition when he cried out (if he ever did cry out), "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" Officialism has but slowly recognised the place this "royal and exempt peculiar" has got to occupy in the public mind. It recognises it now. The Dean is almost unbecomingly anxious on the subject, but then! the Abbey is full, full to overflowing! What is

to be done? A Royal Commission to inquire into the present want of space for monuments in Westminster Abbey at once suggested itself to a nation hard up, not for great men, but for a place to put them in when dead. This Commission has just issued its first Report.

This Report is interesting, though gruesome, reading. It a little rubs the gilt off the gingerbread. It cannot be said that there is very snug lying in the Abbey. Are you a poet? Well, there is room for three or four more poets in the Corner. Says the Clerk of the Works:—"I know one to a certainty, and I know another spot or two beside Browning, two near Dickens and Macaulay (*pointing*). I believe there is room for one here. I know there is room for two or three here. I am certain of one by the side of Browning." But if room is found for you somehow, you must be satisfied and ask no questions. Hear the Clerk—"They put in concrete in the case of Browning. It was certain that a hole had been excavated in that concrete, and that Browning was the third buried there. . . . I knew there was one body there. That I moved a little way. . . . I found concrete when I buried Spottiswoode, and then when I buried Browning." Browning and Spottiswoode, Dickens and Macaulay! How the knave jowls the names about!

The upshot of the Clerk's evidence is that some seventy or eighty new bodies may still be buried in the Abbey, but that there is not room for a single new monument.

So far as burials go, and acting, as in future we must act, upon the principle that none but men or women of real permanent greatness are to be honoured in this way, there is no need for alarm. We are safe for eight centuries. It will take at least this amount of time, at present rates, to exhaust the vacancies. How many living men are there entitled to lie in the Abbey? Two only. We forbear to mention their names as we are desirous to avoid giving offence to either. One really great man every ten years is a very liberal allowance indeed.

But burials without monuments are poor things. The object is to record the illustrious dead, to excite interest, to stir pity, to fan the flames of courage and patriotism. This requires room, and there is no room in the Abbey. Consequently, if there are to be monuments, room must be made either by carting away existing monuments or by new buildings. To do the former necessitates an Act of Parliament, and it is doubtful whether any such Act could be obtained. The English people are not fond of going back upon themselves. We have been guilty of too many monstrosities of our own to entitle us to be severe on those of our forefathers. "Let us leave the past alone!" will be the cry of the average man. Anyhow, if we are to make clearances, let us begin with the streets and squares, and leave the churches in peace.

This leaves us only the painful alternative of new buildings in the immediate vicinity of the Abbey. This is very dangerous. No one need hope to guess how ugly a modern building may easily be. Let us discuss the matter at great length, compare rival plans, revile rival architects, ask innumerable questions in the House of Commons, read innumerable papers before learned societies, and do nothing for ten years. If our two great men happen to die during the time and are buried under the daisies instead of in the concrete, they will be none the worse or the sooner forgotten. Perhaps by the end of the ten years we may begin to see our way to do something which shall neither be vulgar nor insignificant.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

THE ROCK OF SCRIPTURE.

THE IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. By the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Revised and enlarged from *Good Words*. London: Isbister. 1890.

THAT a statesman and scholar of Mr. Gladstone's many years and many cares (may they sit lightly on him!) should have found time and strength and inclination for such a course of Biblical study as is implied in the production of these papers, is a fact as pleasant as it is astonishing. Of itself it would be enough to make the volume remarkable, and, quite apart from the deference and respect due to the high character and splendid record of the illustrious author, to secure for it a large share of public attention. The ultimate object is one, moreover, that will command wide and deep sympathy, and no one can doubt the entire nobleness of the motive throughout. It is avowedly written in a high moral and spiritual interest, lest the British people should unawares be deprived of any whit of an "inestimable treasure" now in their possession, or lose their sense of the "dignity and grandeur" of the Book which has inspired, is inspiring, and is yet destined to inspire, the faith and hopes of men, and their loving efforts towards the highest good.

Without at all deprecating detailed criticism, Mr. Gladstone certainly disarms it by the modesty of his professions. He makes no claim to be a specialist on matters Biblical, nor does he pretend to have read exhaustively, or even very widely, in the recent literature of the subject. And with regard to Wellhausen, one of the important authorities whom he does quote, it is to be regretted that he has fallen into an unfortunate misapprehension as to the extent of that author's responsibility in editing Bleek; and has also missed much of the benefit to be derived from his exceedingly valuable papers on the "Composition of the Hexateuch," through failure to perceive that they were written for specialists who were assumed to be acquainted in detail with the previous labours of Kuenen and others. Further, many of what might be called the more extreme positions are covered by large and comprehensive reservations. The little book, however, is sure to have great influence in certain quarters; fortified by Mr. Gladstone's example, we shall find many professed theologians taking up his method and maintaining his position, with twice the energy, and none of the modesty or reserve. Whether the line of defence he indicates to them is altogether wise or tenable, we gravely question. Irenically, not polemically, in the interest not of doubt but of faith, we venture therefore some words of candid remonstrance.

Broadly put, the question is whether the view of our forefathers, that the historical books of the Bible contain nothing but pure history, must not give place to the widely spread modern conviction that they also exhibit considerable elements of legend, folklore, parable, poetry, and even, perhaps, of fiction. Mr. Gladstone is too cautious, indeed, to commit himself to the proposition offered by Professor Huxley that "Christian theology must stand or fall with the trustworthiness of the Jewish Scriptures"; still, he maintains that the Mosaic views *are*, on the whole, trustworthy even in statements of scientific fact which are very generally believed to have been superseded by wider knowledge. He goes over a number of selected instances with a view of vindicating their truth, or, at least, as he would sometimes prefer to call it (p. 38), their "trueness." If we in turn single out only one of these, that relating to the Great Dispersion (pp. 241-248), we do so simply because it happens to be the most concrete, and the most conveniently manageable within the compass of a brief notice like the present. The account of the Great Dispersion in Genesis x. (we presume also that in Genesis xi.) Mr. Gladstone holds to be literally true; in

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everything that is "fundamental and vital," the "new witnesses that have come into court"—natural science, archaeology, and history—only confirm its statements. "Fundamental and vital" are, of course, somewhat elastic expressions, but we confess to having read the pages in which this contention is set forth with no little surprise. We had not been aware that modern ethnologists had been led by their "independent researches" to think of classifying the races of mankind under three great primary divisions, as Semitic, Hamitic, and Japhetic. Apart from questions as to the precision and exhaustive completeness of the ethnological information it does give, we had understood it was now agreed that Genesis x. takes no account at all of the yellow, the red, or even the black races. So again with the philological aspect of the question. If modern philologists can be said to adopt a division of the languages of the world into three main classes, these three are surely not the Semitic, Hamitic, and Japhetic, but perhaps some such categories as the isolating, the agglutinative, and the inflective. Professor Whitney, in his "genetic classification" of languages, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (1885), enumerates no fewer than thirteen families; the Aryan, Semitic, and Hamitic families head the list, but with regard to one of them, the Hamitic, he remarks that, apart from the Egyptian, it is "quite insignificant." Finally, can it really be said that archaeological and historical research, whether in Egypt or in Assyria, has tended to confirm the early Hebrew chronology? According to the present Hebrew text, Abraham was born 292 years after the Flood, and had attained the age of 48 before the death of Peleg, in whose days "was the earth divided." In other words, for more than a fourth of his long life he had the opportunity of conversing with his great-grandfather's grandfather, who was born before the building of the Tower of Babel, when the whole earth was still "of one language and one speech." Further, it is generally agreed that Abraham's birth-year is to be placed about 2000 B.C., and, if anything, above rather than below that limit. Where is the Egyptologist who will say that it is possible to bring the first king of the first dynasty as low down as 2292 B.C.? or the Assyriologist who will allow it to be doubted whether the evidence supplied by authentic records does not carry the history up to a far higher date? Once more, are not all Assyriologists now agreed that the early civilisation of Chaldaea was at first Accadian; that is to say, Turanian, and afterwards Semitic?—never Hamitic, as was at one time supposed, and as seems to be suggested by Genesis x. 11, though not by x. 22.

Mr. Gladstone himself seems occasionally to feel the pressure of some of these difficulties. With reference, perhaps, to the exclusion of the yellow and red races from consideration in Genesis x., he seems to suggest in the phraseology of more than one passage (e.g., p. 84) that possibly the present population of the world is not wholly Adamic. But we are not sure whether this suggestion is really intended, and therefore shall not pause to speak of the new difficulties which it raises. Another difficulty, that as to the shortness of the interval between the Flood and the birth of Abraham, may be met by the suggestion (made in another connection at p. 208) that perhaps the figures need correction. Let us then substitute the chronology of the LXX., which gives an interval of 1072 (1172) years, and makes Abraham 641 years younger than Peleg, thus allowing some six centuries after the Tower of Babel for the growth of the Egyptian and Chaldaean civilisation of which history now affords such abundant evidence. This relieves us of some of our embarrassments, but by no means of them all. The cuneiform accounts of Izdubar (whom Mr. Gladstone regards as identical with Nimrod) are highly legendary; but they must be placed earlier than 2000 B.C. (p. 225). It may, indeed, be doubted whether, as used to be supposed, the Septuagint chronology really makes Methuselah survive the Flood, but there can be no question as

to an interesting point it raises for physiologists. According to its figures, for eight successive generations the men mentioned in the Semitic genealogy were never less than 130 years of age when their eldest sons were born (Nahor, the father of Terah, was 179).

Most of these difficulties, no doubt, can be made to disappear when what are called (p. 263) "just principles of interpretation" are called in. Thus, let it be granted that it would be unfair to the author of Genesis x. to hold him committed to the figures as we now have them; further, that the proper names do not necessarily denote individual men, but possibly may mean families, or some other kind of unit; also that "the earth" does not mean the terraqueous globe, or the then actually inhabited world, but only that portion of it that was known or interesting to the author and his readers; finally, that the whole story is a "relative" one, and need not be taken as "precise or complete," but "may here describe a continuous process, and may there make large omissions" (p. 42). We then see that Genesis x., when rightly "interpreted," only means that after a very considerable number of years, and an indefinite number of human generations, at a date which cannot be precisely fixed, there were grouped round about Palestine a number of nations (seventy-two if the figures be correct), some of which it is possible now to identify, and about whom it would be rash positively to deny that they may have been descended from a single individual whose name may have been Noah. And thus science "is found to have established what it has been charged with destroying" (p. 263).

There is, it seems to us, a simpler method of saving the Biblical narrative in question from "destruction." It consists in frankly acknowledging that the chapter containing it, though a most interesting and valuable, as well as honest and pious, statement of the best traditions and knowledge of the age at the time when it was written, can no longer be accepted as an adequate account of the early history of the human species, or even of a comparatively limited section of it. Assuming for a moment that this is the conclusion on which scientific men and theologians are likely ultimately to become unanimous (whatever their preferences might have been), let us try in a few sentences to forecast its probable bearings on the higher interests of religion. In the first place, a certain Chauvinism, now apparently almost inevitable in apologists, which talks of every new suggestion of science as an "attack" on everything that is sacred, and an attempt to "destroy" the foundations of human happiness, would, it is to be hoped, less often succeed in making itself heard. But we cannot believe that the "standards of life and of the ideas current concerning life" (p. 251), or "the innermost feelings of believers" and the "highest destinies of man" (p. 268), would be perceptibly lowered or obscured or outraged or frustrated by such a concession to simple truth. There would still be the old glad tidings to preach to the poor (p. 24); and their abundant access to the fountains of spiritual life (p. 25) would (we believe) be freer than ever. Or, wherein would the true missionaries and preachers of Christ find themselves straitened? Burning with noble desire to lift men up to that higher sphere where

"by how much more they call it ours,
So much propriety of each in good
Encreases more,"

they will even now be less anxious about the supererogatory task of "defending" any "impregnable" rock than about the removal of every "offence," the taking away of every removable barrier—even though it be some orthodoxy about Peleg—which shuts out any human soul for so much as a single moment from entrance into the love and joy and peace which they themselves know. These spiritual possessions, which the world can neither give nor take away, are the incorruptible

fruit of the living and enduring Word. The Rock is eternal; but what the Bible itself means by that strong metaphor is not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit and secret of Jesus.

FROM CRABBE TO BORROW.

ESSAYS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE: 1780-1860. By George Saintsbury. Percival & Co. 1890.

ALL except one of the fourteen essays in Mr. Saintsbury's book are studies of literary men. Glancing down the table of contents, the name of Lockhart attracts us, not only because of the new interest in him resulting from the publication of Sir Walter Scott's Journal, but because he is one of the least understood personalities in the history of English literature. Mr. Saintsbury is the right man to help us to a right understanding of Lockhart. He has read every accessible scrap of Lockhart's writing; and he seems to be one of those who believe that the Life of Scott is the best biography ever written on a large scale. As for the mud which has clung so long to Lockhart's reputation, Mr. Saintsbury, finding it in the dry state, easily brushes it away; but even his intimate knowledge and warm sympathy lead him no further than to pronounce Lockhart the most eminent example of an honest journalist. Lockhart was not a heartless intellect, the popular Mephistopheles of criticism. He was only the leader of Tory journalism, and a very scrupulous editor, who in many places "greatly improved" his contributors' articles, and who had scoffed at Whig dignities in his youth. Mr. Saintsbury specially insists on his conduct in the editorial chair as the chief cause of the long-continued detraction which Lockhart's memory has suffered. He was not by any means an easy-going editor; his friends did not consider him too ready to accept their papers. "A' contributors are in a manner fierce," said the Ettrick Shepherd. "They are," adds Mr. Saintsbury; "it is the nature and essence of the animal to be so." Above all, "the contributor who is not allowed to contribute is fierce." Lockhart became a myth—the type of the supercilious party editor. Mr. Saintsbury's essay brings him back to human proportions again. And this is exactly what he has attempted, with good success in every instance, in the thirteen studies of this volume, viz., to remove first of all the dust of neglect, and then the false picture which partisan or incompetent criticism had painted over the true likeness drawn by the men themselves in their works. Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Wilson, and De Quincey, did not stand so much in need of this cleansing process as Crabbe, Hogg, Hazlitt, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Lockhart, Præd, and Borrow. Taking up the book with the intention of reading one essay carefully and running through the others, we were soon too interested to skip anything, and we have no hesitation in applying to Mr. Saintsbury himself what he says of Lockhart, "He holds aloof equally from *engouement* and from depreciation, and if, as a necessary consequence, he failed and fails to please fanatics on either side, he cannot fail to please those who know what criticism really means."

If a student of literature were asked to give the two names which would indicate and include the development of English literature from 1780 to 1860, he would probably say "from Burns to Dickens," and would probably find a majority agreeing with him. Many parallel lines can be drawn, however, and it is along one of these that Mr. Saintsbury guides us. Starting with Crabbe, who with Burns and Cowper, inaugurated the new departure in poetry, he leads us down to George Borrow, who represents as thoroughly as Dickens the complete emancipation of prose literature from academic restraint: an emancipation to be found in Ruskin as well as in Carlyle, but which is in danger of being withdrawn by the new prosaists at the head of whom are Mr. Pater and Mr. Swinburne.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S BALLADS.

BALLADS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

THE critics are accustomed to open a new volume by Mr. Stevenson with a prejudice in its favour. He possesses certain qualities to which they succumbed some while ago, and succumbed with so little of reserve that until he perpetrates something glaringly and unquestionably bad he is sure to have them on his side. The attitude may be illogical. But, if so, it is merely because the qualities that constitute charm have never been reduced to logical terms. As a young man can seldom analyse satisfactorily the reasons which have led him to fall in love with such and such a young woman, so we can but own to possessing a peculiar jealousy for Mr. Stevenson's reputation. His books alone have caused this. To be sure, it is by his prose that he exerts his chief claim on our affections. He has travelled farther in prose, and a bad novel from his pen would decidedly cause deeper disappointment than would a bad set of verses. Nevertheless, and slight as they are, his "Child's Garden of Verses" and his "Underwoods" cause our paper-knife to move with some trepidation between the pages of his new volume of "Ballads"; and it was only when we had closed it with the last line of singularly fine ballad ringing in our ears, that we guessed the anxiety implied in our extreme gratefulness.

The two most considerable poems in this volume—considerable, we mean, in point of length—have been inspired by the strange folk among whom Mr. Stevenson has been voyaging of late. "The Song of Rahéro" is of Tahiti: in "The Feast of Famine," to use the author's own words, he has "strung together some of the more striking peculiarities of the Marquesas." The former, which narrates a genuine legend, is to our mind incomparably the finer, not only in feeling, but in execution. The story is simple enough. Tāmatēa, a Tahitian youth, has been successful in his fishing, and is advised by his mother to carry the best of his fish as a present to the king of his clan. So, with his spoil in a matted basket, off he sets for the palace, singing and whistling. On his way he passes the house of Rahéro, a mighty man and ambitious, but indolent, who hates the king and conceives the idea of playing off an insult upon him. He invites Tāmatēa to hang up his basket of fish in the shade and come inside the house to dinner; and as soon as the pliable youth is well set at table, creeps out to the tree, mutilates the fish and re-fastens the basket, so that Tāmatēa, when the time of feasting is up, shoulders his present, unsuspecting, travels to the palace, and laying his "gift unroyal" at the king's feet, wends back again. He is not far on his homeward way before the basket is opened, the king sees himself openly mocked, and sends a warrior to execute vengeance.

Tāmatēa has hardly reached his mother's house when he hears the sound of feet running after him, and, turning round to look, is felled to the ground and slain. It is now the turn of Tāmatēa's mother to devise vengeance for her son's death. She goes forth from the house carrying her tale of wrong from king to king and from clan to clan; and at last she finds one willing to aid her in Hiopa, King of the Nāmunu-ūra. Between them they lay a plot, and decoy the people of Tairāpu to a mighty feast, and when they are gathered in one hall, and drowsy with food and wine, they set fire to the building. One man only wins his way out—Rahéro; and the tale of his flight from the blazing building, where his wife and daughter and son are burnt, is a fine piece of epic. Escaping in the darkness to the sea-shore, he finds that he wants two things,—a boat to escape in, and a wife to lay the foundations of a new race.

"Still was the dark lagoon; beyond on the coral wall,
He saw the breakers shine, he heard them billow and fall.
Alone on the top of the reef, a man with a flaming brand
Walked, gazing and pausing, a fish-spear poised in his hand.

The foam boiled to his calf when the mightier breakers came,
And the torch shed in the wind scattering tufts of flame.
Afar on the dim lagoon a canoe lay idly at wait:
A figure dimly guiding it: surely the fisherman's mate.
Rahéro saw this and smiled. He straightened his mighty thighs:
Naked, with never a weapon, and covered with scorch and bruise,
He straightened his arms, he filled the void of his body with breath,
And, strong as the wind in his manhood, doomed the fisher to death.

The poem works to a fine climax where Rahéro slays the fisherman and carries the woman off to sea "to dwell in a desert and bear the babes of a kinless man." Since "Sohrab and Rustum" we have had no narrative poem with which to compare this "Song of Rahéro." A "ballad," strictly speaking, it is not.

The volume also contains "Triconderoga," a capable but not excellent ballad that gave rise to some discussion when it first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*; "Heather Ale," an old legend told with great spirit but in verse that runs somewhat slipshod; and "Christmas at Sea," which, we honestly believe, will be a classic. The lines are studiously artless, and the pathos of them is irresistible. Mr. Stevenson has achieved a triumph here. He tells the tale with simple directness, and in telling it he takes the reader by the throat and fills his eyes with tears. It is but the narrative of a sailor whose ship is almost wrecked within sight of home on Christmas Day. But the man must be curiously fashioned who can read the following verses without emotion:—

"We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard:
So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room and the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son who went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea light, and the dark began to fall,
'All hands to loose topgallant sails,' I heard the captain call.
'By the Lord, she'll never stand it,' our first mate, Jackson, cried.
'It's one way or the other, Mr. Jackson,' he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood,
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the wintry headland and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea:
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home, and my folks were growing old."

We must apologise for quoting so many verses of a poem which is enough of itself to make the volume notable. Critics are ready enough to say that the true gift of song is perishing among us. Will they allow that on the eve of 1891 our literature has been enriched with yet another gem?

THE GREAT PLAYGROUND.

SWITZERLAND. By Mrs. Lina Hug and Richard Stead. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

THE Swiss traveller who ascends the Rigi—and what Swiss traveller does not?—generally confines his attention to the view which he sees of the surrounding peaks, or to the mists which obscure them. He can obtain abundant assistance in his researches. Besides the brass tablet on which the names of the mountains are marked, which stands under the telescope by which he can more clearly make them out, there are a number of guides ready to impart to him the name of any doubtful summit, or to invent

a name of their own if necessary. If he has been able to distinguish the giants of the Oberland, and the fall of the Rossberg, he goes away happy. It does not often occur to him that he is standing on one of the most interesting spots in the whole world, the heart of Europe and the core of liberty. Stretched out before his feet he has been contemplating the theatre of Swiss history, annals unsurpassed in variety, picturesqueness, and instruction. He is in the very centre of the forest cantons, where the idea of resistance to the Austrian domination first originated. The twin-crags of the "Mythen" rise in the canton of Schwytz, which has given its name to the confederacy.

A turn of the head will bring the mead of Rütli into sight. The sacred mountain is encompassed by the memory of Tell, be he an historical personage, or a mythical embodiment of national aspirations. On one slope of the Rigi is the flat rock upon which he leapt from Gessler's boat, on another is the hollow away in which he lay in wait for the tyrant; hard by is the market-place in which he struck the apple from his son's head. Passing to firmer ground, the lake-dwellers looked up to the green slopes of the "Queen of Mountains," with her alternating coronet of cloud and sunshine, just as the British tourist gazes on her now from his steamer on Zürich lake. Stretching out to the North the traveller sees the blue plains of Swabia, from which the German settlers of Switzerland came, and from which many conquerors have come since. Much nearer is the battle-field of Morgarten, the baptismal font of Swiss freedom, consecrated four centuries later by the heroism of Aloysius Reding. He can see the Lake of Sempach, where Winkelried grasped his "sheaf of Austrian spears" to make a road for his comrades. Coming to later times, he can trace the adventurous march of Suvoroff; the Muotta Thal lies open before him where the grey-haired Russian threw himself impetuously for three days against the French. Beneath his feet lies Stanz, the scene of that terrible "blood-bath" which stands as a warning to every Swiss not to accept liberty from a foreign hand. Yet the massacre was in some sense the parent of modern Swiss civilisation, as it was in teaching the orphans of those murdered citizens that Pestalozzi learned the principles which have transformed our education. As he takes a parting glance towards the north-east he will see the sister cantons of Schwytz and Zürich living peacefully side by side, object-lessons in self-government and home-rule—one Catholic and retrogressive, the other prosperous, radical, even socialistic, the best educated community in the world, the author of the Referendum, yet both contributing by their various gifts to the security of their common country and bound to it by a common devotion.

No man of heart or understanding can leave that "specular height" without desiring to know more closely the romances of which the outlines have been suggested to him. It would be well if every traveller in Switzerland would take with him an outline of the country's history, which would give a basis of human interest to what is otherwise regarded as merely picturesque. Such a work the authors of the present volume have endeavoured to supply, and it is our duty to pronounce judgment upon the manner in which they have performed the task.

It cannot be denied that the book is interesting—from its subject it could hardly be otherwise—and it is pleasantly written, neither entering too deeply into repulsive details nor confining itself to a mere arid catalogue of facts; but here our praise must end. There is no doubt that it might have been done much better. In the first place, it embraces far too much. In a space of four hundred pages it attempts to deal with the whole of Swiss history, from the lake-dwellers to the Constitution of 1874; from the Urochs to the Referendum; nor is a due proportion observed. The earlier history, which is so much mixed up with that of Germany, might have been

passed over very lightly, in order to spend more time on the events which are especially characteristic of the Swiss. We are offered a tantalising dish which is removed before we have tasted it. We are presented with a map of the battle of Granson, but we have no account of the battle corresponding with the map. There is no more thrilling story in Swiss history than how, under the influence of the Catholic reaction, the members of the two religions found that they could no longer live peacefully together side by side, and both in Appenzell and in the Valais determined to separate. In Appenzell the Catholics formed the inner, the Protestants the outer Rhooden, both communities knowing less of each other than they did of any other part of Switzerland. In the Valais the two parties were divided with something like equality; it was believed that the Protestants were even superior in numbers. However, on the day of voting the organisation of the Catholics was found to be superior; the Protestants were beaten, and retired principally to the Canton de Vaud, of which they initiated the prosperity. These events are alluded to on page 294, but the account given of them is most unsatisfying.

The style of the book is anything but good. It reads sometimes like a translation from the German, sometimes like one from the French. Misprints are numerous and misleading. Professor Bohn is called Professor Rahn; we are referred to Freeman's "Holy Roman Empire" instead of, we suppose, Bryce's; we are told that the lofty words of Celano, "*Dies ire, dies illa*," so well known from their use in Mozart's Requiem Mass, seem to have been a great consolation to the unfortunate canon, Felix Malleolus; as if Thomas of Celano's hymn was not an integral part of every requiem. On page 226 we meet the mysterious words "Reding of Schwytz advocated Reislauen in full," to which we are entirely unable to attach a meaning. The authors use French expressions when English would be much more appropriate. Why is *rouage administratif* better than "administrative machinery"? What is the particular force in speaking of "the *génie conservateur* innate in Alpine folk"? On page 301 the authors surpass themselves by speaking of "Todten Tänze à la Holbein." What language is "vassalate" on page 303, or "officerships" on page 321? How can anyone call the country house of Ferney a "fine castle"? These and many other blemishes disfigure the book. It is the embodiment of a good idea which might have been much better carried out.

A HISTORY OF VENETIAN PRINTING.

THE VENETIAN PRINTING PRESS. An Historical Study, based upon documents for the most part hitherto unpublished. By Horatio F. Brown. With twenty-two facsimiles of early printing. London: Nimmo. 1890.

THE discovery and diffusion of printing form one of the most important chapters in the history of culture, and the story of the Venetian press is one of the most interesting passages in that chapter. The position of Venice in Gutenberg's day was something unique among the States of Europe; in her alone was freedom in things politically indifferent reconciled with a jealous despotism in all particulars vital to the safety of the State. This combination of freedom and stability afforded the new art the precise conditions required for its prosperity; and when the additional advantages of a great commercial emporium are considered, it will hardly seem surprising that the typographical productiveness of Venice during the latter part of the sixteenth century should have exceeded that of all the other chief cities of Italy together. It is only remarkable that so practical an invention as printing should have existed for four years in Italy before finding its way to Venice. Mr. Brown evidently wishes to believe in the date 1461, occurring in a book printed at Venice by Nicolas Jenson; but, besides the impossibility

of such an art having lain dormant in such a city for eight years, this is absolutely contradicted by the Bishop of Aleria's pious ascription of the introduction of printing into Italy to the posthumous supplications of Cardinal Cusa, who died in August, 1464. The date in Jenson's book, therefore, must be a misprint for 1471, and the glory of the introduction of printing into Venice must be assigned to Joannes de Spira, whose press was established in 1469. It is somewhat mournful, though perfectly natural, that the first printer should also have been the first monopolist, and that, if the concession of the Venetian Senate to Joannes de Spira had held good, it would have been in his power to determine what should be read in print as far and as long as his exclusive privilege extended. His death, after he had printed two or three books, solved the difficulty. The Senate, having doubtless discovered that the new art needed no artificial protection, forbore to renew his patent, and in a short time Venice was full of printers, one of whom, Nicolas Jenson, bears away the palm from every competitor for the surpassing elegance of his type.

Mr. Brown's handsome volume, formidable as it may appear to the general reader, is yet better adapted to that slighted but indispensable personage than to the bibliographer, who will derive but little new light from it on the nice problems which disquiet the souls of specialists. Without undue disparagement of these curious inquiries, it may be affirmed that the history of printing in its relation to culture is even more worthy of the attention of a liberal mind; and the cultivated reader, whether mainly interested in literature or in social development, will find abundant instruction and entertainment in Mr. Brown's stately pages. In these will be found particulars of the type used by the early Italian printers, whether Roman, Greek, or Gothic; the causes which impaired its beauty as printing became more diffused; the prices and qualities of paper; the kinds and constituents of ink; the extent of editions, and the demand for copies, the latter illustrated by a most interesting record of the accounts of an early bookseller, discovered and now first published by Mr. Brown himself. Coming down to a later period, we have a valuable account of Aldus, and of the revolution he effected in the book trade by the introduction of italic type, and the concurring diminution of the size and cost of books. Still more important is Mr. Brown's very full and minute detail of the history of Venetian copyright, both before and after legislation. No law on this subject existed until 1517, but a number of ordinances are preserved in the archives, dealing with individual questions on their own merits. The earliest instance of copyright granted to an author is dated September 1, 1486, when Sabellico, historiographer to the Republic, received the sole right to authorise the publication of his "Decades." In 1493 the natural right to literary property was officially recognised by the "College," or administrative committee to which such matters were usually referred. From this time the grant of copyright and exclusive privileges to authors and publishers, most commonly the latter, becomes frequent. Conditions are occasionally annexed, limiting the price at which a book may be sold, fixing a period within which publication must take place, and guarding against the infringement of the rights of other parties. By 1517 the number of these special privileges and the consequent impediments to publication had become so considerable that the Senate passed a law to sweep them all away, and restrict copyright for the future to *bond fide* new books. Evasion of this law led to much additional legislation, especially an Act to protect authors, whose works the booksellers were in the habit of appropriating without leave. At length, in 1549, the printers and publishers of Venice formed themselves into a guild, and their relations with the State and each other became more regular. The subsequent history of this body is highly interesting; but we must refer the reader to

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Mr. Brown for it, as well as for the history of the long struggle between Church and State for the control of the censorship, terminated in 1765 by a decree abolishing the jurisdiction of the Inquisition in the matter—a document embodying a masterly survey of the causes of the decline of the Venetian book trade.

Whatever shortcomings precise bibliographers may find in Mr. Brown's pages are more than redeemed by his thorough treatment of his subject, for the first time, from the legal and historical point of view. The publication of his valuable appendix of original documents, occupying nearly half the volume, would alone have been a very considerable service. We must not omit to notice the beautiful facsimiles of ancient typography with which the work is illustrated, or to record that the book which relates the history of the press of Venice is in every typographical detail an honour to the press of Great Britain.

ONE-VOLUME FICTION.

1. *A MAN'S MISTAKE.* By Minnie Worboise. London: James Clarke & Co. 1890.
2. *THE FLOWING TIDE.* A Political Novel. By John Littlejohns. London: Stanley J. Killby. 1890.
3. *DULCIE'S LOVE STORY.* By Evelyn Everett-Green. London, Edinburgh and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1891.
4. *DOCTOR CAMERON.* By Lucy Pancoast Smith. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1890.

"*A MAN'S MISTAKE*" is rather a moral story, but it is quite readable. A high-spirited girl, whose father is supposed to be dead, goes to live with two great-aunts. They are crabbed and severe, and their religion is narrow-minded and puritanical in the extreme. We have also, strongly contrasted with it in the book, the more perfect and lovable form of Christianity. A romantic side to the tale is provided by the heroine's love-story, and by the subsequent reappearance of her distinctly villainous father; he gambles, and practically murders, and escapes, and drinks, and is altogether a very desperate person. And we are sorry that the heroine is led by her filial affection to do things which are very badly misunderstood; but the book ends satisfactorily and happily enough. The heroine marries the right man, and completely wins the affections of the stronger of the two great-aunts, while the wicked father dies opportunely. There is much which is very pleasant in the story. The plot is slight and well-worn, and very few of the characters seem to be original conceptions; but the style is simple and unaffected, and the tone of the book is bright and healthy. It has not the pretentiousness that spoils so many stories which have a religious purpose in them, while it shows much wider and more humane sympathies.

"*The Flowing Tide*" is a political novel; it is an attempt to stem the flowing tide of socialism and infidelity; it is a contribution to the literature of conservatism. Socialism and infidelity are, we learn, a part of the programme of Liberal Governments. The Liberal party, we also learn, are responsible for the spread of atheism and all uncleanness. We would not misrepresent this author, but that is what we understand him to mean. In this volume the flowing tide is confronted by the fluent prig. The fluent prig is the hero, one Aubrey Langton, a railway clerk. It was expected that destiny had great things in store for him. This, no doubt, was partly due to his fluency. He could speak nineteen consecutive pages simply as a contribution to the conversation, but it caused him to perspire profusely. He was also credited with great power of repartee; the instances given in the book do not, perhaps, quite catch his happiest moments. He went to St. Paul's Cathedral and wept there, afterwards retiring to a restaurant to remove the traces of his tears. He delivered a speech before a "Young Men's Christian Association," and a clergyman of the not uncommon name of Turner felt assured in consequence that Aubrey Langton would "yet sound the

death-knell of Radicalism in England." At the close of the book the hero has got so far on with his work that he delivers an address, rather too blasphemous to be amusing, at the Public Hall of Westminster. He is also intending to commence his University career at Cambridge in the somewhat curious month of June. But we never get that death-knell. We cannot say why the book stops where it does, nor can we imagine why it began where it did. It is not our purpose to criticise such a book. It is very funny for the most part, and the fun is all the better for being quite unintentional. Of course, it should never have been printed though.

"*Dulcie's Love Story*" is a book of a somewhat familiar type. Its hero is a soldier who won the Victoria Cross, and whose Christian name was Bayard, and very appropriate. He is a chivalrous and attractive character. We have met him a great many times in a great many other stories, but we always like him. We regret that he was not more successful in his share of the love-story. Dulcie was not for him, but he had a fine opportunity for showing how unselfish his passion was. As his name was Bayard, he naturally took the opportunity. The least admirable part of the story is that which attempts to deal with the matrimonial speculations of some fashionable people. We cannot point to any particular artistic quality in the book, but Dulcie is a very pretty name, and her story is rather a pretty story, with a number of little good lessons strewn up and down its pages. We should say that it was very well suited to young readers of a certain class.

"*Doctor Cameron*" has many faults. It is unreal and conventional. One may guess a good deal about the book from such sentences as these:

"She was lovely, this young girl in her soft white dress, which clung so closely to her beautiful lithe figure. There is a dreamy look yet in her dark eyes."

Nothing is very wrong with them except the fact that they are vain repetition. The plot is founded on an engagement formed between two very young people, who had never seen one another, by their parents. One of these two young people was Dr. Cameron, the sentimental hero of the book. The complications which follow are not very new, and the atmosphere of the book is not particularly healthy; and the musical prodigy in it is impossible. On the other hand it is not a long book, and it certainly has some story in it—enough, probably, to enable an average and uncritical reader to get through it.

DIARIES.

WE have received a selection of the diaries published for Letts's Diaries Co. by Messrs. Cassell. There is enough variety, we think, to meet most tastes. The sentimentalist may find here a suitable receptacle for her confidences, and guard them from profane observation by a locked wallet. The business man is offered tablets to hang up in the office, or if he prefers it, the larger and more usual book form. We dare say that there would be no objection made to his buying both of them, if he liked. No. 39 seems a very cheap and useful diary for business purposes. The sacred character of Saturday and Sunday is fully recognised; only half as much space is devoted to them as to the other days of the week. No. 27 is a pocket diary, and is of a convenient shape; in which respect it is different from most pocket-books, which are generally too large and thick. As an ordinary diary for people who, without being entirely devoted to either sentiment or commerce, want something rather bigger than No. 27, we think that No. 12 Enl. is fairly suitable. It calls itself a pocket diary, but it is too large for the pocket. It opens with sixty-four pages of more or less useful information. But why is it followed with a page ruled for "Memoranda of Things Lent"? Such a page may possibly have its uses, but it is certainly calculated to make cynics. It prevents a man from the charitable view that he may have lost the thing himself; it not only shows him that one of his own familiar friends took that thing, and promised to return it, and never did return it, but it also leaves him absolutely certain which one is the culprit. This diary gives one a double space on Saturday, so that one will always have plenty of room to record the good resolutions which one makes for the following week. The paper is good and the size is handy. In fact, on the whole we think No. 12 Enl. is our favourite.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

SKILFUL handling and a degree of literary insight are imperative if local history is to be rendered acceptable to the general reader—that mysterious but influential personage, whose appreciation or neglect makes or mars the success of all books which appeal to the rank and file. Fortunately for himself, Mr. Rogers in "The Strife of the Roses and Days of the Tudors in the West" has hit upon a subject in which he is deeply interested as well as thoroughly versed, and that, in part at least, accounts for the charm which pervades the volume. These pages are the work of an antiquary who magnifies his office, and is not content in consequence merely to decipher old charters and inscriptions, or to boast of a personal acquaintance with all the monumental brasses of Devon. There is little doubt that Dr. Dry-as-Dust was an estimable man, but, for all that, Sir Walter leads us to conclude that he was likewise a dull pedant with a capacity of discernment which did not extend far beyond his nose. The dry bones of forgotten incident only live again when the quickening spirit of imagination interprets them, and all the learning and research which Mr. Rogers has expended on this pleasant volume would avail nothing, if they had not been accompanied by the enviable gift, which has enabled him to relate, with a touch of poetic realism, these stories which he has unearthed in the by-paths of English history. Amongst the lives recorded are such worthies of the West of England as the first Lord Willoughby de Broke, William Lord Bonville, John Lord Cheney, Archbishop Stafford, and Sir Thomas Arundell. The strange romantic histories, which Mr. Rogers unfolds with no lack of local colour, emphasise the contrast which Ruskin has drawn between the middle ages and modern life. "The middle ages had their wars and agonies, but also intense delights. Their gold was dashed with blood; but ours is sprinkled with dust. Their life was inwoven with white and purple, ours is one seamless stuff of brown." The book contains a number of capital plates of effigies, brasses, and architectural details.

Young students of anatomy and physiology sometimes talk as if wisdom was born with them, and this tendency has led Mr. McRae to point out that the science of biology, if not quite as old as the hills, had its representatives even in antiquity. Hippocrates, for instance, was one of the "Fathers of Biology," and he flourished in the age of Pericles. He emancipated medicine from the thralldom of superstition, and delivered the healing art from the hands of the priests. About the time that Hippocrates died, Aristotle was born, and Mr. McRae regards that philosopher as the founder of the science of Natural History. Next in the order of succession came Galen, a man of great and original genius, whose authority in the realm of biology passed almost unchallenged during a period of twelve centuries. It was not indeed until the sixteenth century that the first of the great anatomists arose, in the person of Andreas Vesalius, who was born at Brussels in the year 1514. He corrected the errors of Galen, and brought down on his own head the anathemas of the orthodox for his pains. Last, but not least, later in the same century, came Dr. William Harvey, whose theory concerning the circulation of the blood was at first thought to be so absurd that he was regarded as "crack-brained, and lost much of his practice in consequence." Nevertheless, his contemporary, Hobbes, of Malmesbury, was able to say, when Harvey died in 1657, "He is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his lifetime." Slight as this little book is, it is not superficial, and Mr. McRae brings out clearly the manner in which the work of each of these five great naturalists marked a definite advance in the science of biology.

The new volume—the twelfth by the way—of the Carisbrooke Library, is a reprint of Gibbon's "Memoirs of My Life and Writings," with a selection from the historian's letters. Professor Morley contributes a critical introduction of some thirty pages to the volume, and there are also occasional notes by Gibbon's friend and first editor, John, first Earl of Sheffield. Gibbon left six different sketches of his own life, all written with his own hand, but the latest of them ends abruptly some six years prior to his death; and this volume consists of carefully selected and arranged extracts from the whole of these materials. The candour and evident sincerity with which the historian speaks of himself and of his indebtedness on matters

of style to Swift, Addison, and Robertson, are noteworthy characteristics in this finished self-portraiture. Gibbon's own verdict of the merits of the different volumes of "The Decline and Fall" is, perhaps, worth recalling. "The style of the first volume, in my opinion, is somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctness, and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gaelic idioms." This is, in some respects, the most interesting volume that has yet appeared in the Carisbrooke Library.

Mr. Scrivener poses as a Daniel come to judgment, but he does so in a strain which suggests the lamentations of another prophet. "Our Fields and Cities" alike to his eyes are a sorry spectacle, and he accordingly relieves his feelings by alternate sneers and sighs. "Have we, sons of Saxons," he exclaims—*apropos* of next to nothing—"taught our children so much mercy and brotherhood that nothing remains but to graduate them in toadyism?" We share Mr. Scrivener's disappointment, and, in some measure, his indignation, at the condition of rural England; and, therefore, we regret all the more that he has spoilt his indictment by talk that is weak, as well as wild. Civilisation, he tells us, has "broken down," the principle of *laissez-faire* everywhere prevails, and "poor effeminate creatures" abound who assume "the manners of a Cromwell while they have the brains of a baboon." Mr. Scrivener speaks like a dictator, but one thing is quite evident—he is not a Cromwell. Advice gratis is seldom welcome, even though it is quite disinterested, and we are constrained for once to offer it. Therefore, we beg Mr. Scrivener, before he next attempts to set mankind right, to cultivate the virtue of self-control. One half of his present book strikes us as being neither more nor less than dreary and hysterical nonsense.

There is nothing in the least degree noteworthy about Mr. Kent's "Graphic Sketches of the West," a record of travel in Colorado, New Mexico, and Southern California. Mr. Kent crossed the fastnesses of the Sierras, explored the Yosemite Valley, and visited the "City of the Saints." In the course of his wanderings he saw many beautiful places which lie far from the beaten track of ordinary tourists, but there is nothing "graphic" in his descriptions of the mountains, valleys, and plains, which he climbed or traversed. The book is, in fact, hopelessly commonplace in treatment and style, and fails to convey any very definite or clear impression of a romantic and glorious region.

Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey has not written his "Letters" for the edification of old and experienced sportsmen; he merely seeks to teach the young idea how to shoot. Picturesque description, stale information, or prosy anecdotes, are conspicuous by their absence, but "young shooters" will find instead, what is more to the point, clear and explicit hints on different kinds of guns and different ways of firing. Sir Ralph speaks throughout in a brisk, energetic fashion, and with an air of a man of authority, and if the young sportsman heeds his advice, he ought—other things being equal—to become a successful shot. The respective virtues of hammer, hammerless, and ejector guns, are in turn discussed, and so also is the loading, care, and cleaning of guns. In a word, the book is practical, and the outcome of years of personal experience and observation. Sir Ralph's farewell wish for young shooters is thus summed up—"Plenty to fire at, straight powder, kind friends, and good health."

With our next book we pass from killing to cooking, and find ourselves confronted with a thousand recipes and various departments of "Household Cookery." A quite gratuitous "puff preliminary" is given to the book in that detestable innovation known as "the publisher's preface." We are not prepared on such authority to say that the work "covers the whole range of culinary effort," but the book contains recipes for the preparation of a number of dainty Continental dishes. M. Duret's experience as manager of the St. James's Hall Restaurant serves him in good stead, and his directions are given clearly and without waste of words. There is a good index to the work, and the book is strongly bound, and these are advantages which will be appreciated in a manual of reference intended for the kitchen.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE contest at West Hartlepool has fairly commenced, and it promises to be one of the most interesting elections we have had since 1886. The Unionists have been fortunate in securing as their representative a man who has long enjoyed an altogether exceptional degree of popularity in the borough, where he is a great employer of labour, a prominent citizen, and a public benefactor. But whilst the Liberal candidate, MR. FURNESS, is heavily weighted in having to contend with such an adversary as SIR WILLIAM GRAY, he and his supporters have entered upon the contest in the best spirits. The Liberals of the county of Durham are not men to be frightened by shadows, and it will astonish many of the timid politicians of the south to see with what confidence the people of West Hartlepool are engaging in a struggle which will be fought for principles rather than for persons. A victory for the Liberal party would, of course, have a significance that could hardly be exaggerated; but even if victory is not secured, a stoutly fought contest will prove that courage and self-dependence have not fled from the Liberal ranks because of the treason of MR. PARNELL, and that the croakers of the London press have signally misread the signs of the times in imagining that the Home Rule cause is dead.

LORD ZETLAND and MR. BALFOUR have jointly addressed a letter to the newspapers appealing for subscriptions for the poor on the western seaboard of Ireland. The appeal deserves, and we trust will meet with, support. Yet nothing can be more anomalous than the fact that it should have been issued by the two men who are now at the head of the Government of Ireland, and that it is dated from Dublin Castle, the central point of an administrative system with which the great majority of the Irish people have no kind of sympathy. We do not charge the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary with having taken this step in order to serve political ends; but before they took it they ought, in the interests of the Irish poor, to have reflected upon the fact that the appeal would have had a far greater chance of success if it had been made by those who were not the chief officials of the Irish Government. It would have been an easy matter for LORD ZETLAND to have organised a committee (of which LADY ZETLAND might have been the head) to carry out the good work which he and MR. BALFOUR have undertaken. For our part we cannot see why old precedents were not followed, and an appeal to the public charity thus removed from all appearance of public partisanship.

WE must, however, be thankful for small mercies. MR. BALFOUR has so long treated the representations of Irish members as to the existence of extreme distress among a considerable section of the population with open incredulity, that we cannot but welcome his tardy conversion to the views of his opponents on this question. It is a fresh admission of the fact that the man who is supposed to rule Ireland knows much less of the real state of the country than many of those Irish members whose pretensions to knowledge he habitually ridicules. There is yet another idea suggested by this public appeal by the rulers of Ireland for charity for the Irish

people. It is but an old idea presented to us afresh. How can that system of government be regarded as a success, the result of which is the periodical appearance of Ireland as a suppliant for the charitable help of the world at large?

MR. O'BRIEN has been engaged during the week in holding renewed negotiations with MR. PARNELL, and the newspapers, both English and French, have been full of stories as to the nature of these *pour-parlers* and their results. At the moment at which we write no official statement on the subject has been made; but there is some reason to believe that MR. PARNELL has succeeded in influencing MR. O'BRIEN, and in leading him to reconsider the opinion he had formed as to the necessity for the retirement of the member for Cork. It will of course be a misfortune if MR. O'BRIEN should commit himself to this view, as it will involve his separation from the majority of the Nationalist party, and from English Liberals. But it is hardly necessary to say that no opinion arrived at by MR. O'BRIEN will in the slightest degree affect the fate of MR. PARNELL. That gentleman, we are told, still labours under the belief that MR. GLADSTONE and his colleagues will, in due time, welcome him back. It is the greatest mistake of his life. LORD SALISBURY and MR. BALFOUR may yet find a place for him by their side. In the ranks of the Liberal party there is none. It is for this reason that, as Liberals, we watch with only a languid degree of interest MR. O'BRIEN'S negotiations at Boulogne.

THERE was a scare at the beginning of the week in consequence of sensational telegrams from the other side of the Atlantic declaring that LORD SALISBURY was about to issue an ultimatum to MR. BLAINE on the question of the Behring Sea Fisheries, and that rival American and English fleets were to be despatched forthwith to these waters. The statement is now known to have been a mere invention, and the Fisheries dispute still remains within the region of diplomacy. It is probable that MR. BLAINE would like if he dared to provoke such an ultimatum from LORD SALISBURY, for in the present state of American politics nothing could serve him better than the issue of such an ultimatum by the English Government. But LORD SALISBURY can hardly be so foolish as to fall into a trap so openly laid. The Fisheries dispute is one in which English opinion declares this country to be emphatically in the right; American opinion less emphatically, but still loudly, asserts the contrary. The question is eminently one for arbitration, and we may still hope that this mode of settling it will be adopted by both countries.

EVERY day for at least a week the collapse of the Scotch railway strike has been announced; and as we write the situation is worse than ever. Six thousand spinners and weavers are idle in the Vale of Severn for want of coal and raw material; mines and iron-works are stopping; rioting has begun at Coatbridge and Motherwell—mainly, it would seem, among the miners rather than the railway men; MR. JOHN BURNS has rallied the weavers at Carlisle and secured the aid of the Dundee dockers; and the Caledonian Railway, which had a thousand places to fill up on Monday, and was overwhelmed with applications, had only filled twenty-four by Tuesday

afternoon. Naturally, the men who offer can hardly be trusted with valuable rolling stock—the condition to which the engines are now reduced is said to be deplorable; the imported men, tired out with the long hours they are compelled to work, are beginning to resign; the strikers are supported by public sympathy and subscriptions; and the North British traffic returns show a decline of £30,000. The town councils of Edinburgh, Leith, and Greenock have urged a reference to arbitration, and the companies cannot hold out much longer. But better management of the strike at the outset would have secured reference to arbitration a fortnight ago, at an enormous saving of discomfort, trouble, and loss to the men, the shareholders, and the general public alike.

MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD'S death, after a brief illness, at Constantinople, will occasion widespread regret in this country. It is unfortunately true that MR. LLOYD lacked one great gift, the faculty of being able to get on well with the people around him. From his Irish days onwards, he was continually in hot water, so that at last his name became something like a bye-word, and ministers were glad to shunt him by sending him to Erzeroum. But despite this fatal drawback to success in life, MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD was a very loyal, a very able, and a thoroughly upright man. He had a fierce hatred of abuses, and remarkable keenness in scenting them out. He feared no man, and was ever ready to do battle for what he believed to be the right, without stopping to take stock of the strength of the wrong. In short, he was one of those honest, capable, and most worthy men who rise, as a rule, to the highest places in the public service, unless their steps are hindered by some trivial defect of temper like that which proved fatal in his case.

RARELY has the "drum ecclesiastic" been beaten more loudly or discordantly than in the columns of the *Times* in the great correspondence meant to enlighten the consciences of Nonconformists, and rarely have superior persons shown themselves in a more ridiculous light than in the course of that performance. There is great bewilderment on the part of PROFESSOR TYNDALL and his followers as to the reason which has led the English Nonconformists as a body to support MR. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy. Perhaps if they would study the political history of English Nonconformity that bewilderment would disappear. The Nonconformists of England, from the days of the Puritans down to these, have been the avowed enemies of privilege, the ardent advocates of civil and religious liberty, of justice between class and class, and of that policy which seeks to knit the various races within these islands to each other by the bonds of mutual confidence and good-will. That is the reason why they are now almost to a man Home Rulers. And those who are now assailing them so vigorously in the columns of the *Times* may rest assured of one fact. That is, that they are not in the least degree inclined to desert their hereditary principles at the invitation of gentlemen like PROFESSOR TYNDALL. To those who really know the Nonconformists of England nothing can seem more absurd than the present attempt of the Ministerialists to catch them by the use of bad logic and "soft sawder."

PROFESSOR W. C. SIDGWICK is very much shocked by the title of our article last week on MR. HUXLEY, and seems to think that we used the name of TITUS OATES because we believed that the learned Professor was the moral counterpart of that infamous person. Surely it is hardly necessary to explain to a man of MR. SIDGWICK'S intelligence, that our reference to TITUS OATES had nothing to do with the man's infamy, but only to the fact that he was the inventor of that

system of amended discoveries of imaginary plots which has been followed by MR. HUXLEY in his attacks upon the Salvation Army. But if MR. SIDGWICK is really so much shocked as he professes to be by any allusion to TITUS OATES, we would remind him that not so many years ago the present Prime Minister of England publicly compared one of his own colleagues with the same historical character—rather to the disadvantage of his colleague. Why is PROFESSOR HUXLEY a more sacred personage than LORD DERBY?

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount to 4 per cent. Previously the rates of interest and discount had been falling rapidly. Short loans were made at from 1 to 2 per cent., and on Wednesday the rate of discount in the open market declined to $2\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. Trade has received a check from the recent crisis, and speculation has been stopped. Consequently there is less demand for bank accommodation than there has been for a considerable time past. On the other hand, gold continues to arrive from abroad in large amounts, while the withdrawals for the Continent have ceased. Further, the payment of the interest on the National Debt has increased the supply in the open market, and the advances made by the Bank of England for the purpose of paying MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS' acceptances are weakening the Bank and adding constantly to the supply in the open market. Over and above all this, coin is returning in very large amounts from the circulation. Billbrokers and discount houses, therefore, as well as the joint-stock and private banks, are keenly competing for business, their expectation being that money will remain both cheap and abundant for months to come. It is doubtful, however, whether the expectation will be fulfilled, for next month the Bank of England is to repay to the Bank of France three millions sterling, and owing to the low rates that now prevail in London, it is extremely probable that the demand for gold will spring up again soon, and that much of the metal will, therefore, be withdrawn from the Bank of England. The price of silver recovered on Wednesday to 48½d. per ounce, the American Congress having resumed the discussion of the Silver Bill; and with the rise in silver there has been a recovery in silver securities.

NEITHER the increased ease in the Money Market nor the prospect of more investment-buying has made the Stock Markets much more active this week. The news from Buenos Ayres, as we point out elsewhere, is reviving apprehension. The condition of the United States is still full of uncertainty. The continuance of the Scotch strike and the large lock-up of capital are all deterring operators from increasing their risks. As usual, there is more investment just now than for months past, as interest and dividends amounting to many millions are being paid. But the investment business is not, as yet at all events, as large as it generally is at this season. One reason, no doubt, is that investors bought somewhat freely during the recent crisis, but the principal reason is that the new loans and companies brought out for some years past have been in excess of the investment demand of the country. And even those who have saved money are expecting that they will be able to buy more advantageously by waiting some time longer. There has been some recovery, however, in the American market, owing to the declaration of a dividend at the rate of five per cent. on Louisville and Nashville shares, and there has also been a rise in South African gold shares. The foreign market, however, is dull. The German Bourses are all overloaded, and operators there are liquidating their accounts, while, in preparation for subscriptions to the new French loan there is a considerable amount of selling going on in Paris.

MR. O'BRIEN'S MISTAKE.

A GREAT deal that to the outward eye seems mysterious has been happening at Boulogne during the past week. Events there have filled a large space in the newspapers—both French and English. One might almost imagine that history was being made in the hotel in which the ex-Irish leader has been conversing amicably with one of those who assented to his deposition. But, as a matter of fact, no real importance attaches to the negotiations, which are now happily finished. From the beginning they were a mistake, and they have ended in smoke.

No one can accuse us of want of regard for the high character, the abilities, and the unselfish patriotism of Mr. William O'Brien. If we are unable to agree with him in the line of action he has seen fit to take since his return to Europe, we do so with regret, and without any loss of respect for himself personally. It is evident, however, that in his well-meant attempts to arrange a compromise with his former leader, Mr. O'Brien has been blind to some of the most important features of the political situation, as it now exists not only in Ireland but in Great Britain. He fails to see that the time for anything in the nature of a compromise is past. We do not blame him because of his strong personal regard for Mr. Parnell, his deep sense of the debt which Irishmen owe to him. It would have been little to the credit of the Irish party if they had shown any alacrity in the first instance in cutting themselves loose from their old leader, when public opinion in Great Britain made his continuance in the leadership impossible. But Mr. O'Brien forgets several things in his desire to bring about an amicable adjustment of the present crisis. He forgets in the first place that Mr. Parnell has himself, since the day when the Irish Parliamentary party called upon him to resign, acted in such a manner as to make it impossible for any Irishman who is not blinded by mere personal loyalty to continue to support him. His whole course of action since the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter has been that of a man who was resolved to sacrifice every public object, including the success of the Home Rule movement itself, in order to gain his own personal ends. Even if Mr. O'Brien is not moved to indignation by the outrageous insults levelled by Mr. Parnell at those Englishmen who have been most conspicuous for their devotion to the cause of Ireland, he has no right to blind himself to the manner in which the ex-leader has treated his old Parliamentary colleagues—Irishmen who, at least, have not made the cause of Ireland subservient to the gratification of their own passions—the Catholic clergy and the whole body of the Irish people who are seeking to gain a great constitutional reform by constitutional means. He has no right to ignore the fact that Mr. Parnell, turning away from the better part of the nation, has openly made his appeal to "the men of the hill-side," in other words, to that section of the people which still clings to the belief that by crime, by acts of violence, and by rebellion, rather than by any other means, Irish liberties will be gained. Nor ought he to ignore the consuming selfishness which has been the key-note of all Mr. Parnell's recent proceedings. He himself admits that Mr. Parnell's retirement would be the best solution of the problem which now confronts the country. Yet Mr. Parnell, who is himself fully cognisant of this fact, has deliberately refused to retire, preferring to jeopardise the Home Rule cause rather than to accept the punishment of his own wrong-doing.

These are considerations affecting Mr. O'Brien simply as a patriotic Irishman; and it is difficult to

understand how he can have failed to realise their overwhelming force. But even if they had not existed, there are other reasons which should have made him feel from the first that to talk of compromise with Mr. Parnell was to play fast and loose with the fortunes of Home Rule. Mr. O'Brien does justice to the honesty and loyalty of the English Liberals. He acknowledges, moreover, that without their aid the victory of Home Rule cannot be achieved—at all events during the lifetime of this generation. Can he possibly be ignorant of the fact that this aid will never now be given to a party of which Mr. Parnell is either the nominal or the real leader? It is not necessary to discuss the reasons for this attitude on the part of English Liberals, though we believe it to be an attitude completely justified by events. All that we would do is to point to the fact that it exists, and that even if Mr. Gladstone himself were to appeal to the Liberals of Great Britain to reinstate Mr. Parnell in the position from which, by his own act, he has cast himself, he would make his appeal in vain. It is time that those Irishmen who, like Mr. O'Brien, are exaggerating the importance of Mr. Parnell, and his claims upon their personal loyalty, should free their minds from the delusions to which they cling. Let them look at West Hartlepool, where a contest of great importance is now in progress. A Home Ruler is fighting for the cause of justice to Ireland, against one of those who are the avowed enemies of all the aspirations of Irishmen. But does Mr. O'Brien, or anybody else, imagine that the Home Rule candidate would have the slightest chance of success if he were to advocate Home Rule under Mr. Parnell's leadership? Everybody knows what would happen in such a case. Nor is there less uncertainty as to what would happen at a general election if Mr. Parnell were to remain in the van of the national party. The Liberals of Great Britain would not waver in their desire to see Ireland endowed with those local rights of government the possession of which can alone allay the fever of Irish discontent and build up a true union between that country and Great Britain. But they would be compelled either to regard the Home Rule question as being for the moment removed by the action of Irishmen themselves from the field of practical politics, or to submit to almost certain defeat.

Happily there is no need to contemplate this last possibility; for, whatever Mr. O'Brien may believe to the contrary, the deposition of Mr. Parnell is already complete. The representatives of the national religion in Ireland, the great majority of the representatives of the people, and nearly all that is worthiest and most trustworthy in the national party, have already pronounced decisively against a leader who has betrayed his trust. It no longer rests with Mr. O'Brien, or any other Irish politician, however distinguished and able, to settle the fate of Mr. Parnell. The *fiat* has gone forth against him, and it is the idlest of self-deceptions for any man now to talk of "a compromise" on the question of his leadership. But this fact, satisfactory though it is, so far as the general interests of Home Rule are concerned, will not make us regret the less bitterly any step on the part of Mr. O'Brien which will have a tendency not only to keep alive the bitter feelings evoked by recent events, but to separate that gentleman himself from the party and the movement in which he has, down to the present moment, played so conspicuous and so honourable a part. Surely he himself will submit to the inevitable, and recognise not only the absolute impossibility of retaining Mr. Parnell as a leader, but the fact that his leadership has already been decisively terminated by the action of Irishmen themselves.

A VERY SUPERIOR PERSON.

THE election for West Hartlepool will be one of special interest to both political parties. Perhaps for both parties it is a little unfortunate that the candidate selected on the Unionist side is a "local man" of such exceptional strength that his return, if he were to be victorious, could hardly be regarded as a simple gain to the cause he represents. It would be absurd to blame the Unionists because they have secured a candidate of quite unusual strength; they are entitled to play their best card and to win with it if they can. But the man who happens to hold the ace of trumps in his hand can hardly take credit for his play when he takes the trick; and so the result of the Hartlepool election is, from the first, discounted, so far as any credit which may be derived from it by the Unionists is concerned. The Liberals, we may feel assured, will make a good fight. The Liberalism of the county of Durham knows no weakness in its fibre, and every effort will be put forth by those who know that they are fighting for a good cause and a great leader. One result of the election will be to test the full strength of the party of political Pharisees in the constituency. Of that party probably the most notable representative is the Duke of Argyll, whose letter in the *Times*, a week ago, was one of the most amusing examples of political self-righteousness which has been presented to the world for many a day. Of the superiority of the Duke to his fellow creatures no one has for a long time past been allowed to remain in doubt. It is to be regretted, however, that this intellectual and moral superiority is not adorned by one of the minor graces of life, the possession and exercise of the common virtue of civility. It is no proof either of wit or of wisdom on the part of the Duke of Argyll, it is simply a piece of rudeness, when he talks as he does in this letter about "Separatists," and likens men who could even give the illustrious scribe himself a few lessons in public virtue and private dignity, to a "gang of conspirators." In spite of its lack of civility, however, the Duke's letter is worth examination, for his logic is a fair presentment of that which now seems to rule in the Unionist party. We need not stop to discuss the remarkable illustration drawn from his scientific researches by means of which the Duke seeks to prove that the followers of Mr. Gladstone are creatures so low in the scale of Nature that they are not to be treated even as vertebrate animals. It was Judge Maule who complained in bygone days that Sir Cresswell Cresswell addressed him in a manner which would be offensive if used by the Almighty towards a blackbeetle. The Duke out-Cresswells Sir Cresswell, and assumes an air only worthy of the ethereal heights of Olympus. Let us hope that the unfortunates whom he turns to scorn in a passage the humour of which is so subtle as to pass the comprehension of ordinary mortals, will feel conscious of the honour conferred upon them by the notice of so illustrious a being.

The chief demand which is now addressed to the Liberal party by the Duke of Argyll, on the part of those who have abandoned Liberalism, is for a full and immediate revelation of the Home Rule plans of Mr. Gladstone. It seems shocking in the eyes of the Duke that the Liberal leader should positively have confided to Mr. Parnell information which he is not prepared to give to the chief of the Campbells. We can well understand that it must be bitter to the Duke of Argyll to discover that, after all, he is not in the eyes of his late patron the most important personage in the universe. Yet even the discovery of this painful fact ought not to blind him

to one or two very obvious considerations. Of these the most conspicuous is the absurdity of the delusion which seems to possess a large section of the Unionist party, that there is some deliberate mystery about Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule plan. That plan, we would remind the Duke of Argyll, was fully revealed to the world in 1886. We wonder if his Grace ever took the trouble to read the Home Rule Bill of that year? We confess that we have often had reason to doubt if Unionists of the Duke's position and temperament have ever made themselves the masters of that important document. The Duke and his friends may rest assured that, whenever it is Mr. Gladstone's lot again to bring forward a Home Rule Bill, the new scheme will lie well within the lines of the old. The policy of English Home Rulers has remained unchanged since 1886. Their desire still is to give to Ireland the fullest possible control over her own affairs compatible with the maintenance of that supremacy of the Imperial Parliament which no Liberal statesman has ever dreamt of jeopardising. If the revelations of the Hawarden interview, which have so shocked the virtuous soul of the Duke of Argyll, were fairly considered by the Unionist party, it would be evident even to their intelligence that this is the case. The policy which Mr. Gladstone thus represents is both safe and sound. The Duke, it is true, regards it as revolutionary; but we should be glad to know in what respect it is more revolutionary than any of the myriad schemes for local self-government hatched in the busy brain of Mr. Chamberlain, or than that which at this very moment is pigeon-holed in Mr. Balfour's desk. The Liberal party has shown, by its past performances, that it is the very opposite of a revolutionary party. In this respect, at all events, it has known no change; and whenever the next Home Rule scheme is laid before Parliament, it will be found to be based upon a wise and natural development of those principles which, once upon a time, were professed by no less a person than the Duke of Argyll himself.

There is one point in the Duke's letter which we notice with unfeigned regret, not so much because it brings to light the opinions of the Duke himself, but because we have every reason to fear that, in this matter, he is the faithful spokesman of no small section of the political body with which he is now associated. This is his vehement assertion that hatred of England possesses the whole Irish people. No more monstrous calumny could well be uttered. That it is a calumny, recent events have proved beyond question. The very incidents to which the Duke refers to support his wild contention afford ample evidence to the contrary. It is true that Mr. Parnell, in his desperation, has appealed to the sentiment of race hatred; and if he had made such an appeal six years ago, he would have had no reason to complain of the manner in which it was received by the Irish people. But to-day his attempt to re-awaken the old animosities has proved a signal failure, and if there has been no other outcome of his struggle to retain the leadership he had forfeited, we have at least reason to be thankful that it has proved that there is in Ireland a large body—we may safely say a great majority—from whom the old feeling of hatred towards England has passed away, we trust for ever. To what will the Duke of Argyll and his associates attribute this marvellous change in the sentiments of the nation? Will they regard it as one of the fruits of Mr. Balfour's exercise of a rigorous and unprincipled coercion, or will they now admit, what all the world before long will freely acknowledge, that for this transformation of old hatred and distrust

into new love and confidence we are indebted to Mr. Gladstone, and to the men who have not been afraid to follow him in the adoption of a policy of conciliation towards the race whom we have too long oppressed and estranged? Perhaps it is too much to hope that the Duke of Argyll and men of his temperament can be brought to recognise this fact, but we trust that at least the Liberals of Hartlepool, when they are called upon to give their votes between a representative of Conciliation and a representative of Coercion, will show themselves to be wiser than the Duke and his friends.

FISHERY SCARES.

THE growing rivalry between the up-to-date news agency and the old-fashioned special correspondent, and between the various news agencies themselves, is adding a distinctly new terror to life. This week they have harrowed our feelings with two notes of alarm in relation to our fishery troubles in America. The more serious of these scares—that affecting the Behring Sea question—proves to be the less well founded. Mr. Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote have not been exchanging threats of force. The Revenue cutters and wooden frigates of the United States are not going to try conclusions with the armour-clads which we could concentrate in the Behring Sea from India, China, Africa, Australia, and the Pacific Coast itself. The Russians are not going to second the designs of Mr. Blaine by despatching a squadron from Siberia to seize Esquimaux. The diplomatic correspondence is resuming its normal course, and Mr. Blaine, having ransacked the map-room of his office and Mr. Quincey Adams's private diary for arguments, has plainly indicated his willingness to go to arbitration on the question of title to the waters of the Behring Sea.

It is only bare justice to distinguish sharply between Mr. Blaine himself and the Opportunist crew by whom he is surrounded. They, no doubt, are sordid enough in their aims, and are using the seal-fishery dispute for their own ends in a fashion which is exceptionally cynical even in American politics. As to Mr. Blaine himself, there is no need and no justification for suggesting that he is inspired by notions other than those of public duty. A diplomatist is, after all, an advocate—the highest and most honourable of all advocates, but still an advocate. As long as he does not falsify his documents, he is entitled and bound to put forward every shred of argument he can muster in his country's interest—to fight every inch of ground, and only to surrender when further resistance is not only useless but ludicrous. The exclusive fishery right in Behring Sea is valuable in itself; and if it must be surrendered, then America will be proved to have made a most disastrous bargain in the purchase of Alaska. No wonder Mr. Blaine, as a faithful steward of the American people, prolongs his argument to the last. Unfortunately for Mr. Blaine, he has a shockingly bad case, and Lord Salisbury overtops him at every stage of the argument. But he cannot help that. He is infinitely laborious, ingenious, and eloquent, and a certain vein of protest against mere legality, and an appeal to higher considerations, run through his arguments, and are not unworthy of sympathy. If the positions of the two men were reversed, we do not think that Lord Salisbury—splendid publicist as he is—would have better served the interests of the American people. We do not profess any great enthusiasm at the thought of the victory which is probably within our reach—although, no doubt, in the pre-

sent state of the world's morality, Lord Salisbury and the Canadians are justified in standing on our rights. But seal-catching is one of those excruciatingly cruel and exotic businesses which will die down to nothing—or next to nothing—in the ideal economic society of the future. When every man lives of his own, and no man preys on the industry of another, the number of people who will be able to afford to purchase a sealskin on their own account will grow smaller by degrees and beautifully less. If they feel cold, they can purchase sheepskin.

We cannot pretend to regard the Newfoundland trouble with the same measure of equanimity as the Behring Sea dispute. The earlier accounts of the renewed agitation against the home Government were greatly exaggerated; but it seems to us, with all allowances, that it portends something more important than a mere revival of the factitious indignation of a truck-merchant party, their clerks, shop-sweepers, and domestic servants. Sir William Whiteway probably lost ground politically during his long sojourn in London, and his return empty-handed has been a grievous disappointment to his popular supporters. On the main point of difference between Lord Salisbury and the Newfoundlanders, we have had no desire to side against his lordship. He has become their *bête noir* owing to a perfectly justifiable refusal to adopt an attitude towards France which could only be compared with the most uncharitable view of Mr. Blaine's attitude towards ourselves. Where, we fear, he is erring, is in procrastination in his negotiations with France. Prolonged delay may be even fatal to the only possible basis for a solution of the question—the offer of territorial compensation. The Gambia has been pointed out in these columns as the possession which may most fitly be offered. What may be the cause of his lordship's hesitation is a secret probably locked in his own breast; but it requires no great shrewdness to suggest that he is haunted by the recollection of his cession of Heligoland, and fears the electoral consequences, to a party which claims to be nothing if not Imperialist, of ceding two British possessions within a twelvemonth. Of course, we cannot forecast what view Mr. Hugh Price Hughes may take of the matter, but speaking merely in the name of the carnal wing of the Liberal party, we beg respectfully to assure his lordship that if he were to give away half a dozen mangrove swamps like the Gambia Settlement in order to assure the integrity of the Queen's American possessions, he would hear no word of reproach from us. If he does not settle the matter quickly, he will be face to face with a pronouncement by Newfoundland in favour of annexation to the United States. Nor do we think that in the present state of American politics, either party in the States would hold back from such advances on the part of the Newfoundlanders. We take it that it is the settled aim of one party as much as of the other to bring pressure in a quiet way on Canada to join the Union. The acquisition of Newfoundland would serve this purpose in many ways—amongst others by crippling the operations of the Canadian fishermen on the Great Banks, for they would be deprived of the right to purchase bait in the island. The only difficulty for the Americans would be the inheritance of the obligations imposed by the Treaties of Utrecht and Paris; but they might well argue that two republics—both actuated by a not wholly amiable desire to make John Bull look foolish—would have no difficulty in settling a trifle of this kind. What attitude English statesmen would adopt in face of a demand by Newfoundland to be allowed to go her way, is a question which we would prefer to reserve for discussion until it arises.

THE BREAK-DOWN AT ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

THE next Royal Commission appointed by Parliament ought clearly to have for its object a full and exhaustive inquiry into the present condition of the Post Office. From all sides charges are surging up against the administration of a department of which Englishmen have long, and with good reason, been proud. These charges all point in one direction. They indicate that some change in the management of that great public department is urgently called for. Mr. Raikes has held his office now for more than four years, and during those four years he has succeeded in driving almost every branch of the service into a state of seething discontent. In the whole history of administrative blundering associated in bygone days with the name of the Circumlocution Office, there has been nothing worse than the story of this gentleman's achievements at St. Martin's-le-Grand. If some fine morning our whole postal system breaks down; if our letters are no longer delivered; if the Post Office Savings Bank stops payment, not for want of cash, but for want of clerks to attend to the calls of the public; if the telegraph suddenly ceases to act, and the national business is in consequence paralysed, we shall have to thank Mr. Raikes, in the first place, and secondarily one or two highly placed officials in the Post Office who have been too weak or too subservient to restrain their chief in his career of blundering incompetence. It is high time that the public awoke to a knowledge of the truth about the great public department at the head of which Lord Salisbury placed a man who is notoriously unequal to the task entrusted to him, and whose failure as Postmaster-General is not only a disgrace to the present Government, but something very like a national calamity.

These are strong words, but they can be amply justified by facts about which there is no dispute. The sins of the Postmaster-General and his principal assistants are unhappily only too clearly apparent to the world at large. Three weeks ago we printed in these pages an article by Mr. Frederic Harrison on the "Post Office as a Public Sweater," which brought to light one side of the present woeful maladministration of the great department. We do not envy the man who could read that story without a strong sense of shame. The richest country in the world, having allowed its Government to establish a vast monopoly in one great department of business, further permits it to conduct that monopoly in a fashion which a sweating tailor in Whitechapel would hardly dare to follow. Labour is bought in the cheapest—the very cheapest—market, and when bought is loaded with chains which the Whitechapel sweater, at all events, would never dare to lay upon his "hands." The work is necessarily done inefficiently—and there is hardly a human being who does not know that for some years past the postal service, even in Western London, has been steadily deteriorating. Inferior men having been forced into the ranks, they have done their work in an inefficient manner. If this were all it would be bad enough. But it is not all. These poor creatures, underpaid and over-worked, ventured some months ago to agitate for better wages. They were treated in such a fashion that they were driven into revolt. Then the sweater showed himself in his true colours. The unskilled labour market was at the moment overstocked. The Post Office, with a Cabinet Minister at its head, and K.C.B.s and C.B.s on its staff, took advantage of this fact. The rebels were left to starve,

and rich England found among the starving unemployed a sufficient number of men to fill the gaps left by those who, by the slow pressure of grievances long-endured, had been driven from the ranks.

That is an old story; but its memory is revived to-day by the tale of the "insubordination" in the Savings Bank department in Queen Victoria Street. The story of this latest display of the discontent which is raging throughout the department is eminently instructive. Last August the clerks in this department received notice that in future female clerks would be brought in to fill vacancies. There were already a number of women and girls in the office, and no male clerk objected to their being there. But when it was made clear that they were gradually to be employed to supplant the male clerks, the latter were moved to address a memorial to the Treasury, setting forth the injurious effect which this change in the official system must have on their prospects. The memorial was couched in proper terms, and the clerks were strictly within their rights in presenting it. They laid it before Mr. Algernon Turner, the Financial Secretary to the Post Office, in the first instance. Mr. Turner pooh-poohed it; told the clerks not to make fools of themselves, and finally suggested that they had better lay their grievances before Mr. Raikes. Upon this suggestion the clerks acted. They appointed two of their number to take the memorial to St. Martin's-le-Grand. These gentlemen were not "ringleaders" in any sense of the word. They were simply selected by their fellow-clerks as trustworthy messengers to carry their humble prayer to the feet of Mr. Raikes. They fulfilled their task, and a few days afterwards they were both peremptorily removed from the office in Queen Victoria Street to that in Coldbath Fields Prison, popularly known in the Postal Service as "Siberia."

To this act of official folly and tyranny is to be attributed the present mischief. The clerks, cowed by the manner in which their two unfortunate colleagues had been treated, did not venture to send any more deputations to St. Martin's-le-Grand. They were compelled to address Mr. Raikes *through the ordinary post*, asking him to return the memorial, and informing him that in consequence of his treatment of their delegates they could only communicate with him in future by post. This was two months ago. Ever since then a strong sense of wrong has been burning in the breast of every clerk in the department. How to give expression to that feeling without forfeiting their positions was the problem which the clerks had to solve. They hit upon a plan to which no official or legal objection could be taken. The season had come when they were permitted to volunteer for extra work, in order to meet the demands consequent upon the close of the financial year. They did not volunteer—or but a small number among them did. The authorities professed to be indifferent, saying they would make other arrangements for the work. The men persisted in not volunteering, as a protest against the manner in which Mr. Raikes had treated their colleagues. Last Friday week, the authorities suddenly discovered that something must be done, and accordingly they issued an order that in future every man must take two hours of extra work—an entire change in the regulations under which the men had hitherto been employed. Some two hundred and sixty of them declined to "volunteer" in this unusual fashion, and the whole department has consequently been thrown into confusion. On Thursday Mr. Raikes did what he ought to have done two months ago—he received a deputation from the clerks and practically concluded a treaty of peace. By this time, indeed, both he and the permanent

officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand had become desperately frightened; for in spite of putting an excessive strain upon the boy and women clerks, they had not succeeded in getting through the arrears, and the confusion was growing worse. So for the moment ends this chapter in Post Office mismanagement.

It is surely time that this miserable state of things should be remedied. Sir Arthur Blackwood talked complacently on Monday of the "loyal" men who had remained at work. He knew perfectly well that these "loyal" men were filled with disgust at the manner in which their colleagues had been treated, and were only prevented from joining them because they could not face the consequences of loss of employment. He must know too that, thanks to the hectoring incapacity of the present Postmaster-General, the feeling of discontent is almost universal throughout the service. But it is not with Sir Arthur Blackwood, but with Mr. Raikes and Lord Salisbury, that the public have to do. These two are responsible for the disgraceful condition into which the Post Office Department has been brought. Dare they face a full inquiry before a Royal Commission, or will Mr. Raikes accept the inevitable by resigning a position in which he has been so eminently unfortunate?

LAW CHANGES.

THE year which has just ended has witnessed many changes on the Judicial Bench. Lord Justice Cotton and Mr. Justice Field have retired from the Law Courts. The deaths of Sir Henry Manisty and of Baron Huddleston have removed two well-known figures from the Queen's Bench Division. The death of Sir Barnes Peacock has left vacant the high post of a Lordship of Appeal. And four new judges have stepped into the places of the old.

The recent changes are curiously illustrative of the diversity of successful barristers' careers. The two latest judges, Mr. Justice Romer and Mr. Justice Wright, are men of the type to which Lord Justice Bowen belongs, and to which one naturally looks as sure to prosper at the Bar—men of brilliant University distinction, with whom, provided they persevere in their intention, success, even if at first slow-footed, is only a matter of time. On the other hand, Sir Edward Kay, the new Lord Justice, practised at the Bar for thirty-four years before he took his seat upon the Bench. Baron Huddleston, whom Mr. Justice Wright succeeds, was for nearly thirty-six years well known as an advocate. The late Mr. Justice Manisty was for twelve years a solicitor, and for over thirty years a counsel, before he accepted the judgeship, which he held for fourteen years more. Mr. Justice Field only became a barrister at thirty-seven. Lord Justice Kay and Mr. Justice Vaughan-Williams are among the men who have achieved notability or notice as editors of law-books. The writing of law-books has become one of the recognised methods of attaining fame, and is the only legitimate means by which a young barrister can advertise his industry and capacity for law. Mr. Justice Wright, again, owes much of his reputation to his official work; and his connection with the Treasury has led him, as it led Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Mathew, and many others before him, to promotion. Mr. Justice Lawrance, disdaining law-books and officialism, has advanced to his dignity directly from the House of Commons, and one or two other recent appointments will be remembered as indicating the ease with which politicians occasionally pass from the Senate to the Bench. But, generally speaking, judgeships are the rewards of steady profes-

sional work, of which the unprofessional world hears little, far more often than the prizes of political lawyers. The great majority of the existing judges are men who have never attained or never even sought Parliamentary distinction, and the names of many of them are probably unfamiliar to any layman who is not of a litigious turn. Setting apart Chancellors and ex-Chancellors, there is hardly one judge, except the Lord Chief Justice, whose name is known to the public at large as that of a brilliant popular advocate; and this fact is indirectly a testimony to the wise exercise of judicial patronage; for the greatest judges, like the greatest officials, are sometimes men of whom the multitude knows least.

The disappearance, during last term, of Lord Justice Cotton and of Baron Huddleston, deprives the Law Courts of two conspicuous figures. As an equity lawyer, Lord Justice Cotton had few living equals. His profound and careful knowledge, his crisp and clear enunciation of the law, will long be missed in the Court of Appeal. But it is probable that with the public Baron Huddleston was better known. His association with many celebrated cases, and his well-earned reputation for acute observation and practical knowledge of the world, had made his name familiar to the present generation. Raised to the Bench in February, 1875, Baron Huddleston was one of the few survivors of the older system, and he bore in turn a variety of titles. He was for three months a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; then, for six months, a Baron of the Exchequer; then, for four years, a Judge of the Exchequer Division; and lastly, for several years, a Justice of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court. His death leaves only one survivor—Baron Pollock—on the Bench who still recalls by his title of Baron the historical origin of our courts of law. Baron Huddleston was nearly sixty when he was made a judge, but his successor, Mr. Justice Wright, is hardly more than fifty, while Sir Robert Romer and Sir W. V. Vaughan-Williams are younger still. It is, of course, an old controversy as to what is the best age for making judges. No doubt men of sixty, who have spent most of their lives in the law courts, must often have acquired valuable experience which is in itself no inconsiderable aid to law-making. No doubt the Bar is a profession at which, in spite of the hard work involved, many men thrive and labour into a green old age. With such examples of energy and vigour in men long past middle life as Lord Esher and Sir Henry Hawkins exhibit to-day, and as Vice-Chancellor Bacon exhibited only a short time ago, no one will maintain that elderly men may not form efficient judges, or advocate any wholesale system of compulsory retirement. But unquestionably the tendency of modern appointments has been to lower the age of promotion; and although Mr. Justice Manisty, not very long since, was raised to the Bench at the age of sixty-eight, such an appointment would not and ought not to be made again. The practice of making young men judges, as exemplified in the cases, among others, of Sir James Hannen, of Mr. Justice Smith, and of Lord Justice Bowen, who were raised to the Bench respectively at forty-six, at forty-five, and at forty-three, has been so signally successful—and the press of work which judges have to face requires so much power of energy and despatch—that it seems likely that the appointment of men much over fifty will become rare as time goes on. Experience gained on the Bench may well be set against experience gained at the Bar; and most men show long before the age of fifty whether they have in them the temper, capacity, and knowledge which a judge requires. The tradition of youth has been confirmed by at least three of the recent

appointments; and the higher traditions which were so steadily maintained by the distinguished lawyers who closed their careers last year are little likely to suffer in the hands of the able and brilliant men who have succeeded to their places now.

THE CRASH IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THE Argentine crisis is growing worse, and is giving rise to keen anxiety amongst the best-informed in the City. The National Government, it is true, has in principle accepted the proposals of the London Committee commented on by us a few weeks ago, and the unthinking jump to the conclusion that this will bring about an improvement. But what does the acceptance by the Government really mean? It means in the first place the public admission that it is insolvent; that for three years it cannot meet its engagements, otherwise than by promises. True, the promises being engrossed upon paper and professing to bear interest will have some price or other, and therefore the bondholders will not go altogether without some return for their money. But that does not alter the fact that the Government cannot pay. Secondly, it means that the Government breaks faith with the Sterling Bondholders. To these bondholders the national revenues, including the Customs, were mortgaged, and now the bonds in which the interest, guarantees, and other obligations of the Government for the next three years are to be funded, are secured upon the Customs, and will rank before the Sterling Bonds. Nor is this the worst. Forty-one million dollars of the Four and a Half per Cents, which were issued to the State banks to be held as security for their notes, are now to be sold at a price equivalent, in the present depreciated paper, to about 47 per cent., and are to be secured also upon the Customs, taking rank before all other debts, since the Customs receipts are to be daily lodged with the Board of the Commission Fund for payment of the interest on these bonds, which, with 1 per cent. sinking fund, amounts to £451,000 per annum. The total issue of the bonds, according to the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, is 150 millions of dollars, or 30 millions sterling, and as they are gold bonds, they involve an annual interest payment of 6½ millions of dollars, or £1,350,000, and the remainder may also be sold and secured in the same way. Then the new debt to be created during the next three years by the funding of the coupons will amount to 10 or 12 millions sterling, and will bear 6 per cent. interest. Even if it is only 10 millions, that will involve an annual charge of £600,000 a year. Thus there is to be an annual charge exceeding a million sterling, and there may soon be one of, in round figures, two millions sterling, secured upon the Customs, and ranking before any sterling debts, even that of 1886. And we would ask in the present condition of the Republic what probability is there that the Customs receipts will show a surplus after the service of this debt is provided for? The one advantage of the arrangement, so far as the Argentine Republic is concerned, is that it gets a respite of three years, within which time it may partially extricate itself from its difficulties if it knows how. And so far as Europe is concerned the sole advantage is that the Government undertakes to pay about £340,000 a year to the Drainage and Waterworks Company, the debentures and shares of which form a large part of the Baring assets. Consequently the guarantors of Messrs. Baring Brothers are to that extent benefited. For the chance, then, of something turning up in three years, and of benefiting the

Baring guarantors, the sterling bondholders are in a barefaced manner to be deprived of their rights. The provinces are, if possible, in a worse state than the National Government. Like the States of the great North-American Union, each of these has a budget and debt of its own. During the recent mania through which the country has passed they borrowed extravagantly, partly for the purpose of founding State banks, which have flooded the Republic with depreciated paper. Two provinces have already defaulted, and nobody doubts that the others will do the same, with the possible exception of Buenos Ayres. And the municipalities are, generally speaking, as insolvent as the provinces. Lastly, two Argentine railway companies failed to pay the January interest, another, though failing to pay, promises to fulfil its obligations next month, and a fourth has paid only a part of its interest. Many more railways are in a similar case, and as regards the unfinished lines there is much question whether the contractors who have undertaken to pay interest during construction will be able to do so. Is it probable, it is asked, that they can sell the bonds with which they are themselves to be paid under existing circumstances, or obtain advances upon them?

If the Government showed an intelligent understanding of the situation, and faced it manfully, there would be a hope that the crisis would soon come to an end. But, unfortunately, the present Government is exhibiting almost as much incompetence as its predecessors. President Pellegrini and his Finance Minister may be honourable and well-intentioned, but if so, they are utterly incapable. A little while ago they prohibited by decree dealings in gold upon the Stock Exchange. It may or it may not be wise to put down gambling, but it is surely childish to allow every form of speculation, except speculation in gold, and to prohibit that, not because it is specially hurtful, but because it aggravates the depreciation of the paper currency. The currency is depreciated, as everybody knows, because the public has lost confidence in the Government and the banks, and because, besides, too much paper has been issued; and the President and his Finance Minister think they can cure the depreciation by forbidding members of the Bourse to gamble in gold. Of course they have simply driven gamblers outside the Bourse, but the speculation is continued as actively as ever. Finding this so, they followed up their first decree by another, authorising all persons who had contracted to make payments in gold to liquidate their engagements by payment in paper. Our readers will understand that all who are engaged in the import and the export trades in the Argentine Republic—and many others besides—are in the habit of making bargains in gold to avoid the incessant fluctuations in the value of paper. The President and his Finance Minister childishly believe that this increases the depreciation of the paper currency, and they authorised those who entered into contracts to break those contracts. Five years ago a similar decree was issued and was sanctioned by Congress, but it was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. No doubt the present decree is equally invalid, but even if it is not, its only possible effect can be to compel those who may require gold to hoard it, and thus to drive gold altogether out of the country. Thirdly, the Government has proposed a tax of two per cent. on all deposits in the foreign banks doing business in the Republic for the avowed purpose of compelling the depositors to transfer their money from those foreign banks to the National Bank. Lastly, the Government now has decided to demonetise all foreign gold coins. There never has been much Argentine gold coin. What has usually been held in the country

consists of English sovereigns. Is it not amazing that the Government can think it will lessen the depreciation of the paper currency by driving all these sovereigns out of the Republic, leaving no money but the depreciated paper?

It is quite evident from all this that the President and his Ministers have lost their heads, and are floundering miserably; and nobody, therefore, need be surprised if they should be suddenly overthrown. That they have lost prestige is evident from the fact that one gold dollar is worth more than three paper dollars. Indeed, President Pellegrini is accused of having granted new guarantees when he had pledged himself that he would not do so, and General Roca, the War Minister, is suspected of complicity in the worst acts of the late Administration. President Pellegrini makes no secret that he feels himself insecure, and fears another insurrection. In a newspaper interview published by one of the Buenos Ayres papers, the President is reported to have said that "life is impossible when gold is at such a premium. The Government cannot be carried on; the people, rendered desperate, may rise to secure food, and no power can resist or restrain them. The worst danger ahead is social revolution." And again: "We are in great danger of disappearing as a civilised nation, and falling back to be merely South Americans." The danger so frankly admitted by the President is increased by the beginning of the Presidential campaign. Already meetings in favour of the candidature of General Mitre are reported from Buenos Ayres, and those best acquainted with the country fear that as the canvass goes on the excitement will grow, and public order will disappear. The President in the interview already referred to acknowledged that he looked forward to the agitation with much misgiving. That he has not recovered courage is evident from the childish measures he has adopted in the hope of raising the value of the paper currency, measures which are only too well calculated to excite derision, and bring him and his Administration into contempt. If there was not universal dissatisfaction with the Government, it is difficult to understand how the depreciation of the currency should continue as great as it is, now that the Government has accepted the proposals of the London committee. These proposals will enable the Government to cease for three years sending gold from Buenos Ayres to London to make payments here. That fact alone ought to reduce the premium on gold, but the premium has been fluctuating for some weeks between 220 and 250 per cent.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE year has opened with a temporary calm in Continental politics, like the "smooth" that sometimes occurs between two great waves—or, rather, like the broken water caused by convergent currents off a shore where sunken rocks lie thick. The distant outlook is still gloomy, yet, on this side of the Atlantic at least, there is no movement noticeable of first-rate importance. "An anti-cyclonic system over Europe, with gloomy weather and slight local disturbances," may or may not be a physical possibility; but politically, it is just now sound meteorology.

In France the Senatorial elections in one-third of the departments—and in one or two besides where vacancies had occurred—took place on Sunday. The result is a decided proof of the increased stability of the Republic. Only in the Orne and in the Vendée do the Reactionaries hold their ground—a fact to be explained, no doubt, by the Orleanist associations of the former department and the Legitimist traditions

of the latter. In the Departments of the Seine-Inférieure, the Vienne, and the Pas-de-Calais, they lose seats: and the net result is, that of eighty seats they retain only six instead of sixteen, the Republicans thus possessing seventy-four seats, of which ten are gains.

M. de Freycinet has of course been returned at the head of the poll in the department of the Seine; while M. Ranc, the friend of Gambetta, and M. Tolain, whose name as a "labour leader" was perhaps more familiar some years ago than it has been of late, are his colleagues, but below a "safe" *bourgeois*, a sound Republican capitalist, and large employer of labour, M. Poirrier, who is apparently the sort of man for whom a very decided preference was shown by the enfranchised English democracy in 1868.

Everywhere, indeed, moderate Republicans seem to have been preferred to extreme Radicals, notably in the departments of the Yonne, Sarthe, and Tarn-et-Garonne. This perhaps is not surprising, considering the character of the electorate. M. Pouyer-Quertier, the ultra-Protectionist, is defeated at Rouen, and M. Poirrier is reported to be a Free Trader. Probably the most important of the elections is that of M. Jules Ferry for the Vosges. He now re-enters political life after the six years of exile which the Tonquin disasters entailed upon him.

The Roman Catholics have an old grudge against M. Ferry for his suppression of the "unauthorised religious orders" in 1880, and will no doubt find in his reappearance ample justification for that submission to the Republic in order to modify its policy which Cardinal Lavigerie has recommended and the Pope approved, and which this week has received the adhesion of four or five more bishops.

The Monarchist papers have professed ostentatious indifference to the Senatorial elections, both before and after the event. But a bye-election in the department of the Cantal, at which M. Andrieux, a "Revisionist," has been rejected by nearly two to one, indicates that even in the remotest and most backward districts the Republic is pretty firmly established.

In Belgium the Progressist Congress held its triennial meeting in Christmas week, and formulated its programme—manhood suffrage, with proportional representation and the referendum—the two latter items being presumably inserted to capture the *bourgeois* and the *doctrinaires* who agree with M. de Laveleye in hesitating as to the advisability of a reform which may merely result in strengthening the Clericals. But the alarm of these latter, who, after first announcing their entire readiness to adopt universal suffrage, have drawn back, and are predicting civil war and a Socialist cataclysm, and threatening the members of the Congress with prosecution, is the best proof that the Liberals are right. As only about two per cent. of the population, or, strictly speaking, 2·2, can vote in Belgium, the foreign reader hardly sees much cause for alarm. The younger generation, which may be unfamiliar with the well-worn *à priori* arguments against extending the franchise, which we in England disposed of in 1866, may be referred to the public utterances of M. Woezste.

In its Paris correspondence of Saturday the *Times* published a circumstantial account of the fall of Prince Bismarck. He had become unapproachable, impracticable, and more than dictatorial; he had tendered his resignation as a mere threat, had been astounded by its acceptance, had made pretexts to delay his formal retirement, and had meantime made a cringing appeal to the Empress Frederick, who repulsed him as he deserved. Unfortunately, this picturesque story receives no credit either at Paris or Berlin. But it will no doubt do quite as well as if it were true for future popular and anti-scientific historians. It is also reported that Prince Bismarck meditates using confidential documents in the preparation of his memoirs; and that the Government, should he do so, are prepared to prosecute him as he prosecuted Count Arnim.

Some years ago Prince Bismarck rigorously closed the eastern frontiers of the German Empire to immigrants from Russia and Galicia. As the natives of the eastern provinces of Prussia are in the habit of migrating westward for higher wages than they can earn at home, the supply of labour has fallen short, and the regulations have just been relaxed. For a period of three years foreign immigration is to be facilitated, provided the foreigner does not settle—as the natives, like the Italians who swarm over Switzerland at the approach of spring, commonly return home for the winter. Such is the result of that protection to native labour which people with more sympathy than sound economics would recommend against Russian Jews in England, and Belgian miners in France.

In Italy, the estimated deficit in the Budget has risen from 25,000,000 to 40,000,000 lire, and rumours have again arisen that the Minister of War, disapproving the economies projected by the Ministry, is on the point of tendering his resignation. Certainly no Italian Ministry can now afford to be otherwise than economical. Severe distress exists in Milan—where seven thousand men are reported to be out of work—and in Genoa; rumours of agrarian troubles come from the south; and an Anarchist Congress— assembled for safety on Swiss soil, and including two members of the Italian Chamber—is organising the social revolution, without, it must be owned, disquieting anyone much except the Swiss authorities. Even the Pope complains of a deficit, and proposes to charge entrance fees for admission to the Vatican galleries—which a Government organ declares to be contrary to the provisions of the Papal guarantee. Alarming reports are in circulation as to his health. Typhoid fever is reported to be prevalent at Pisa and Florence. At the latter place, however, it is not of a very serious type.

In Portugal, the Cortes has been opened with a speech from the throne which is on the whole pacific. Troops are being despatched to Mozambique; but the country can bear no new taxes; and a definite convention with England is to be signed before Parliament meets. For the present the Cortes has adjourned, and the anti-English agitation is apparently suspended; while a Republican Congress assembled at Lisbon has split into two irreconcilable factions through the action of the extremists.

The estimated deficit in the Greek Budget is rather more than two and a quarter million drachmas—two and a quarter per cent. of the total expenditure for the year—partly because of the new ironclads, which may soon, perhaps, have to justify their existence. But the final settlement of the dispute between the Patriarch and the Porte has deprived the Greek Jingo of one grievance, and at present the politicians are expending their energies in party conflicts—crippling the Opposition by invalidating their elections, apparently almost at random—passing the Electoral Reform Bill, which increases the number of deputies and substitutes single-member districts for election by list, and temporarily splitting the New National party on a question of Parliamentary procedure. However, the Greek nature has always been spasmodic and changeable, and the quarrel between M. Delyannis and M. Ralli is not likely to have lasted very long.

The young Czechs continue their agitation in Bohemia, and propose to change their name to "National Progressists"—whatever that may be in Czech. The old Czechs have gone the usual way of moderates in a Nationalist movement; and the positive refusal of the Governor of Bohemia to accept the compromise they proposed, has given them the *coup de grâce*. But it is hardly likely that three million Czechs will succeed permanently in imposing their will on two million German fellow-subjects, or in compelling them to adopt Czech as the official language of Bohemia.

Alarming telegrams have arrived from Ottawa and Washington this week concerning the Behring Sea difficulty. The Canadian sealing squadron was

to start, well armed; an ultimatum had been presented by the British Minister at Washington, the strength of the English and German fleets in the Pacific was calculated, and an American squadron was to be despatched larger than both put together. Most of this news has been the ingenious construction of what Artemus Ward called "those models of truth and virtue, the Washington [and Ottawa] correspondents." Mr. Blaine no doubt has been waving the American flag, but his action has been commented on by the American press strictly according to their party sympathies, and his letter virtually accepting arbitration and defining the questions at issue, is simply an unavoidable retirement from an untenable position. Not only has an English Commissioner reported against him, but an American expert from the Smithsonian Institute has failed to support his case; and there can be little doubt that an arbitrator will find it hopeless on general grounds of International Law.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XIX.—ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

HE is dead, a week since, of a slow, incurable disease. The newspapers have paid their tribute of discriminating praise, and their unanimity both in praise and discrimination has been singular. They agree that he lived to complete his life's work; that he was master of an English prose style, the lustre of which conspicuously adorned the "Victorian age" of letters; and that he wasted this gift on a small book of Eastern travel and eight immoderate volumes about an episodic war. He was a brilliant failure, in short. The critics hardly conceal this belief by persistently qualifying it. Their eulogies read like excuses.

Alexander William Kinglake was born in 1812, the son of a country gentleman—Mr. W. Kinglake, of Wilton House, Taunton—and received a country gentleman's education at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. From college he went to Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Chancery Bar in 1837, where he practised with fair but not eminent success. In 1844 he published "Eöthen," and having startled the town, quietly resumed his legal work and seemed willing to forget his achievement. Ten years later, however, he "broke out" again. War was declared with Russia and he accompanied his friend, Lord Raglan, to the Crimea. Returning home, he retired from the Bar in 1856 and entered Parliament, next year, as member for Bridgwater. Re-elected in 1868, he was unseated, on petition, in 1869, and henceforward gave himself up to the work of his life. He had consented, after Lord Raglan's death, to write a history of the invasion of the Crimea; the two first volumes had appeared in 1863, the last was published but two years ago. It occupied thirty years of its author's life. Long before those years ran out, the world had learnt to regard the Crimean struggle in something like its true perspective, but over Kinglake's mind it continued to loom in all its original proportions. To adopt a phrase of M. Jules Lemaitre's, "*le monde a changé en trente ans: lui ne bouge; il ne lève plus de dessus son papier à copie sa face congestionnée.*" And yet Kinglake was no cloistered scribe. Before his last illness he dined out frequently, and was placed by many among the first half-a-dozen talkers in London. His conversation, though delicate and finished, was brimful of life and of interest in affairs; but let him enter his study and its walls became a hedge. Outside, the world was moving: within, it was always 1854, until by slow labour it turned into 1855.

Yet his two books are secure of life. It is easy to point out one reason why the "Invasion of the Crimea" will remain a possession for all time: it is simply an invaluable congeries of documents for any future inquirer who may care to study the history

of the Anglo-French alliance, or the conditions of European warfare in the middle of the nineteenth century. But Kinglake's work has a better claim to perpetuity. A book of Eastern travel which continues to exert its fascination forty-five years after publication must depend for this vitality on something more than the information it contains. And the same is true of the greater work. Kinglake will live by his style.

His style is hard, elaborate, polished to brilliance. Its difficult lustre recalls Thucydides. In effect it charms at first by its strength and vividness; but with continuous perusal it begins to weigh on the reader. He feels the strain, the unsparing effort, that this glittering fabric must have cost in the building; he ceases to sympathise with the story and begins to sympathise with the author, and gradually his brain is oppressed. It is fated that work of this kind shall end by lacking life. "Eöthen" started with plenty of liveliness. The present writer is too young to remember its first publication; but he remembers that it stood in his father's library side by side with Borrow's "Bible in Spain," and that he read the two works in the same week—such a week! They belong to the same period and, in a sense, to the same fashion; each combined a tantalising personal charm with a strong, almost fierce colouring of circumstance; each was, in its way, a protest against academical writing. But whereas Borrow stood for ever fortified by his wayward nature and his abominable English against the temptation of writing as he ought, Kinglake had been educated at Eton and Cambridge and might at any time fall a prey to the gentlemanly instincts. His irony (as in the interview with the Pasha) was too delicate (it is almost French); his judgment of effect (as in the "Plague" chapter) too sure. The performance was wonderful, the promise a trifle dangerous. "My narrative," he says in his famous preface, "conveys, not those impressions which ought to have been produced upon any 'well constituted mind,' but those which were really and truly received, at the time of his rambles, by a headstrong and not very amiable traveller. . . . As I have felt, so I have written." In such cases it is a misfortune that the "headstrong traveller" should even recognise the danger. In the "Invasion," Kinglake still feels as a headstrong man, but writes by rule.

The devotion to phrase which he exhibits throughout the eight volumes goes a long way towards destroying their worth. Nothing can be more certain than that beauty of expression is a small part of a good prose style. Perspective, balance, logical connection, rise and fall of emotion, are all quite as important. It is an indifferent landscape that contains nothing dull; and beyond doubt, his desire for the immediate success of each paragraph as it came helped Kinglake to miss the broad effect. He must always be vivid; and when the strain told, he exaggerated and sounded—as Matthew Arnold accused him of sounding—the note of provinciality. There were other causes. He was, as we have seen, an English country gentleman—*avant tout je suis gentilhomme anglais*, as the Duke of Wellington wrote to Louis XVIII. His admiration of the respectable class to which he belonged is revealed by a thousand touches in his narrative—we can find half a score in the description of Codrington's assault on the Great Redoubt in the battle of the Alma—nor, when some high heroic action is in progress, do we often miss an illustration, or at least a metaphor, from the hunting-field. Undoubtedly he had the merits of his class; but quite as surely he inherited its narrowness. Travel and wide experience had not cured him. Had they done so, they would probably have left his soul void. Most country gentlemen in England possess distinction, but hardly two in a generation are cosmopolitan and distinguished at the same time.

But the main cause of Kinglake's tediousness and failure in broad effect is to be found in the "Invasion"

itself. It is his amazing care for minor events—which, of course, was part of his conscious method. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, the other day, remarked that Kinglake has "raised a noble literary monument to a second-rate campaign, like Thucydides, when he immortalised the Sicilian expedition; but the Greek historian was not weighed down under a mass of materials. He got what information he could; he may have had access to certain public documents; but he sifted, selected, and compressed and so produced a *κρήμα ἐς αἰ.*" Now the gentleman who considers the Sicilian expedition to have been a "second-rate campaign" ought to have his bumps examined without delay: the rest of the observation, however, which we have quoted, is not only true in itself, but noteworthy because of the entirely false conclusion which he draws from it. The conclusion is that Kinglake failed because he was a "scientific" and not an "artistic" historian. As a matter of fact he failed because he must needs be both. There is scarcely a page in the eight volumes but bears witness to the handling of the artist: for glaring examples let us take the picture of the Prince President cowering in an inner chamber during the bloodshed of the *Coup d'État*, the short speech of Sir Colin Campbell to his Highlanders before their advance on the Great Redoubt (given in the exact manner of Thucydides) or the narrative of the Heavy Brigade's charge at Balaclava culminating in the following passage—

"The difference that there was in the temperaments of the two comrade regiments showed itself in the last moments of the onset. The Scots Greys gave no utterance except to a low, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire. The Inniskillings went in with a cheer. With a rolling prolongation of clangour which resulted from the bends of a line now deformed by its speed, the 'three hundred' crashed in upon the front of the column."

But artist as Kinglake is, he will be scientific also. Let any man try to understand his story of Inkerman without map or plans, and the ill-success of Kinglake's double method is proved.

It remains to be added that he is a partizan. Now partizanship, though it cannot fail to damage a work as history, may make it splendid as literature. Only, the work must be short. Partizanship in a work of such detail and volume is preposterous. One can as easily listen to an advocate for a week on end as read a pamphlet in eight fat volumes. The longevity of the British Bench is notorious; but it comes of hearing both sides of the question.

Yet, after all, it is poor work finding these faults. To read a page or two of Kinglake is to confess the master. He tames that beautiful and dangerous beast, the English sentence, with difficulty, indeed, but, having tamed, works it to high achievements, obedient to his beck and call. The Crimean War is to be regretted for many reasons. It spilt much English blood; wrecked many decent reputations; and absorbed the personality that had informed "Eöthen" and made it one of the most delightful books of its generation.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

LAST Monday morning the sun broke through our atmosphere and shone into London. He had left us for a month and a half, during which time we walked in darkness, inhaling each other's breath and opinions: and the old question recurred—Is it worth a man's while to live here and join five millions of people in blotting out the sun, which, after all, can do more for him than any fellow-creature? What recompense have we for choking our lungs with fine coal and developing under a pot, like so many rhubarb-sticks? Not health, certainly; nor happiness; nor wealth, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The least imaginative man in London could hardly be blind, in those six weeks, to the crowded misery amid which he moved. It confronted him on every pavement, and was about the only thing the fog